The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXV SEPTEMBER, 1938 No. 9

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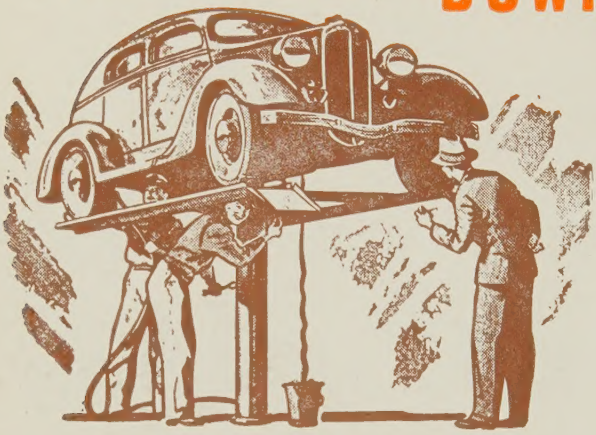

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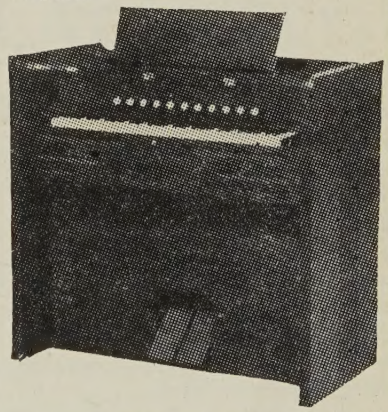

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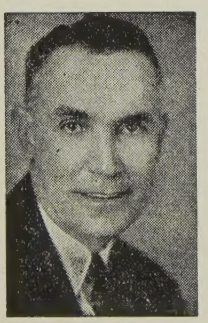

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV SEPTEMBER, 1938 No. 9

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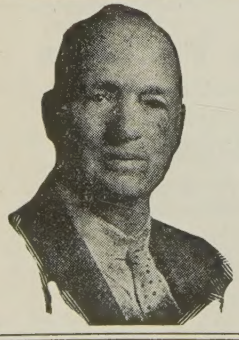

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"Willey Will Work"

(Paid Political Adv.)

VIGIL

By Alice Morrey Bailey

Phantom feet came to my door
Then ceased—and others came
Treading to my weary heart
Then stopped, began again.
Not you—but my desire for you
When I expected you.

When I expected you, I heard
Your whistle—eerie, sweet;
I heard you in each noise abroad
Each footfall in the street.
Not really you, but my wish for you
When I expected you.

The shadows wrought for me your
form—
It passed. My avid gaze
Went farther, keeping watch
For others in the haze.
One stopped—not yours—my heart
stopped too
When I expected you.

The world a vigil kept with me,
All things in silence thick
As was my heart—and suddenly
You came—noiseless and quick.
No shadow moved, but here you
were
When I expected you.

Courtesy Harrison R. Merrill

MEXICAN DAMSEL

The Relief Society Magazine

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World Parliament of Women

By Amy Brown Lyman

THE Golden Jubilee Conference of the International Council of Women was held in Edinburgh, Scotland, July 11-22, 1938. Scotland was chosen for the meeting place in honor of Lady Aberdeen, that noble Scotswoman who has served the Council as president thirty-six years out of the fifty years of its existence.

Fifty years ago, March 1888, the International Council was organized in Washington, D. C., having been initiated by a group of far-seeing American women led by Susan B. Anthony and May Wright Sewell. The first president was Frances E. Willard who was succeeded in 1893 by Lady Aberdeen. May Wright Sewell served as president from 1899 to 1904, and Mme. Chaponniere-Chaix from 1920 to 1922. Two years ago, in 1936, Baroness Boel was elected president upon the resignation of Lady Aberdeen.

EDINBURGH is one of the beauty spots of Europe, and a city of great historic interest. Robert Louis Stevenson, one of her noted sons, did not exaggerate her beauty when he wrote so enthusiastically of her from far away Samoa, where he passed his last days. The gorgeous old castle located on the heights above green rolling hills is a most imposing sight by day and is a dream of loveliness when floodlighted at night. It was from her bedroom window in the castle that the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, lowered her few-days-old infant son, afterward James VI of Scotland and James I of England, in a basket, 200 feet below to her brother to be taken to Sterling Castle to be baptized into the Catholic Church—all unbeknown to the Scotch Protestants. A one mile road —the king's highway—leads from the castle down the valley to Holyrood House, the old royal palace, which is still used as such. The Scottish National War Memorial located near the castle is considered the finest war memorial in the world today.

The Scots are genial, friendly and warm hearted. They are most courteous to strangers and did everything within their power for the comfort and convenience of their guests.

THERE were in attendance at the conference 900 delegates from thirty-one countries. The United States delegation consisted of ten voting delegates including Sisters Amy Brown Lyman and Zina C. Brown of Salt Lake City, who were residing in London at the time, and ten alternates including Sister Evelyn Wood, also of Salt Lake City, now residing in Frankfurt, who did not find it convenient to attend. Sisters Lyman and Brown also represented

two church organizations, Relief Society and Y. W. M. I. A.

For the first time since the Austrian women joined the Council many years ago, they were not represented, their Council having been dissolved when Austria was annexed to Germany. The German Council has also been dissolved.

The great hall where the meetings were held was decorated with the flags of all the nations represented, and with palms and other potted plants. The meetings consisted of committee meetings, several sessions each for the sixteen committees; business sessions for the council proper, where committee reports were given and resolutions considered and adopted, to be carried back to local communities for action; general sessions for the public including a testimonial for Lady Aberdeen. There were luncheon and dinner meetings, semi-social in character, and purely social functions.

At the formal opening session the president, Baroness Pol Boel, began her address with these words: "Women must be ready to defend what they have already achieved, consolidate their gains, and plan for new victories. She called attention to the fact that for fifty years the women of many nations had been united in efforts to promote the welfare of mankind, of the family, and of individuals, under the International Council, and that while in the East in recent years the women's movement has been increasing in strength, women in some of the western countries appear to be losing ground—in some countries they have very definitely lost ground."

THE subject which received most attention throughout the convention was peace. With the war clouds hanging over Europe this subject was uppermost in the minds of all delegates. There was probably not a single session where it did not come up in one connection or another. At the opening meeting there was a plea for peace in the various speeches. The president urged that women everywhere rally round all international organizations working in this interest. She felt that the principle of arbitration, for which the Council has always stood, is becoming more and more firmly established although, "the form it should take and the method of its application is not yet clearly defined and is still open to discussion."

At the last session there was expressed, in no uncertain terms, whole-hearted opposition to all war, and horror at modern methods of warfare of turning the heavens into hell. There seemed to be a firm belief and faith that through proper international collaboration there could be a peaceful solution to the problems and difficulties of the present hour.

Realizing that wars are often due to economic causes, the women were urged to promote economic education, and to make an effort to obtain economic justice between nations. They were urged also not to lose their vision and courage but to exert their individual and collective influence in behalf of forces which make for peace, justice, and harmony among nations.

A resolution to this effect was unanimously adopted. Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, a veteran in the Council, and for a quarter of a century chairman of the committee on peace and arbitration, in seconding the resolution said that in the past we have kept religion out of our meetings but today we certainly need God and should not hesitate to speak of Him. There are surely some points on which we can all agree. All good

thoughts and all good aspirations must come from the divinity which we worship in different names and different ways. She desired, she said, to send out a trumpet call to those who have faith that there is a God to whom we can appeal, and to say, "Let us appeal to Him and pray for His help and blessing." She felt that it is only in the spiritual word that we can hope once again to bring peace and good will to the world.

Among other subjects of vital importance which were discussed in detail in the committees and considered in condensed form in the main meetings were health and nutrition which took second place only to peace, child welfare, housing, education, equal moral standards, broadcasting, cinema.

THE testimonial meeting to Lady Aberdeen which was one of the features of the convention was both touching and thrilling. At her advanced age, clothed in white, she received gracefully and appreciatively the plaudits of her fellow-workers whose footsteps she had guided so satisfactorily for thirty-six years. Tributes were paid to her by her fellow-officers, some of them of many years standing, by representatives of all of the national councils and by fraternal delegates. Because of her long and notable presidency, the speakers paid tribute to the council through her. It was brought out that while honoring Lady Aberdeen they were also honoring the memory of those noble women who originated the council fifty years ago. As they came to the platform they showered her with gifts, until the large table was heaped high with them. There were embroidered table linens from Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Latvia; statuary from Italy; lovely glass pieces, scarfs, books and a red poncho or serape made by the Indians of Argentina.

Dame Ogilvie Gordon, First Vice-President of the Council, announced the raising of the Jubilee Fund to be known as the Lady Aberdeen Fund, and to be used for the work of the Council. The fund, amounting to 3,000 Pounds or $15,000, was received by Lady Aberdeen in behalf of the Council.

THE social features of the conference included excursions, unique entertainments, receptions, and private parties. The most important were the civic reception by the Lord Provost, the royal garden party and the farewell banquet.

The weather was ideal for the official garden party, given on the broad lawns at Holyrood Palace by "gracious permission of His Majesty the King, to meet Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent." The guests, 2,000 in number, were received by the Secretary of State of Scotland on behalf of the Government and later they were formed in their various national groups to await the appearance of the beautiful and charming Duchess of Kent, who had come from London for the occasion. The Duchess wore a gown of heavy mauve georgette and a crinoline straw hat of the same color trimmed with three ostrich feathers in varying shades curled over the tilted brim. She was attended by a body guard of the High Constables of the Palace in blue uniforms and tall, black cockaded hats. As she moved across the spacious lawn the leader of each delegation was presented to her.

Delicious refreshments were served to the guests from gaily colored, attractive marquees, after which they had the privilege of inspecting the historic rooms of the palace under the direction of official guides.

On the green sloping hillside back of the palace were grouped hundreds of people who had a full view of everything within the grounds and who formed an attractive picture which was in full view of the palace guests. The whole scene was most colorful and interesting.

One of the outstanding values of an international conference, probably one of the most valuable aspects, lies in the contacts that one makes with women of other lands, women of other and different experiences, but with whom after all is shared a fundamental common purpose.

AT the election of officers Baroness Boel was again elected president. Dame Maria Ogilvie Gordon who for years has been the first vice president and who has been either a convener or officer in the council for thirty-four years was elected an honorary vice president. Mrs. Betzy Kjelsberg, another veteran, was made an honorary vice president. American women reelected were Lena Madesin Phillips, eighth vice president; Helen Havenor, vice convener of the Cinema committee; Dr. Louise Ball, vice-convener of Press.

Members of our Latter-day Saint groups will be pleased to know more of Baroness Boel. She is first of all a devoted mother and grandmother—mother of four children and grandmother of ten. She is a woman of rare native ability and outstanding attainments. She is large in stature, being six feet tall, powerful of intellect and tender and understanding of heart. She speaks all three of the official languages of the Council —English, French and German. She is president of the National Council of Women of Belgium, and wife of the vice president of the Belgian Parliament. During the war she performed a very distinct though dangerous service to her country.

In 1915 it came to her knowledge that a great wrong was being done the people of her country through the stoppage of all means of communication between those who remained in Belgium and those who were scattered behind the German lines. Naturally this was not her personal affair and she had her children to think of. She risked not only her freedom, but her life when she set out to organize a secret post by which she might send letters of her people out through the enemy lines, and receive others back safely. She made herself responsible for the scheme, directing it entirely alone, and daring alone the consequences. Something like 200,000 letters passed successfully, and then the plot was discovered. She was seized and tried, as trials went in the war. She was committed to a German prison, and to the hard labor of an ordinary criminal, which was the regular treatment of a political prisoner. In the cell next to hers was a murderess, by whose side she did hard labor. She finally pleaded her own case so eloquently that she was released.

It is no wonder the Baroness feels as she does about war, which she declares is the most horrible thing on earth to those who pass through it. Not horrible only because men and women and children are torn apart and murdered, but horrible because it destroys, utterly and hopelessly, all that is most sacred to man.

"Whose Damsel Is This?

By Harrison R. Merrill

AND behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, 'The Lord be with you.' "

"And they answered him, 'The Lord Bless thee.' "

"Then said Boaz to the servant who was set over the reapers, 'Whose damsel is this?' "

In the land of Mexico one may see many Ruths. They may not be gleaning in the fields, but they are almost sure to be doing something. The women of the Land of Manana are an industrious and ever active lot. They may be carrying water, washing in the streams, harvesting in the fields, or peddling laces or baskets, but they are certain to be busy.

Many a time while passing through the rural waysides of Mexico, I thought of Wordsworth and Burns, Whittier and Riley. There were "Solitary Reapers" and "Highland Marys," and "Maud Mullers" in many places.

Many of the women of Mexico, indeed all that I saw in the back country, are unaffected by modernity. They are as simple and natural as a flower or a tree. If they ever were self-conscious about their appearance, they conceal it as well as did Maud Muller when the Judge stopped to quaff that historic cup of water that led to all of those sighings about what might have been.

I never see the famous painting, "The Song of the Lark," without thinking of Wordsworth's charming little ode to rustic beauty which he named the "Solitary Reaper."

"Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

* * * * *

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides . . . . .

"Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song would have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

I HAD almost Wordsworth's exact experience upon my recent visit to Cuernavaca, the beautiful rainy-weather capital of the republic of Mexico. We were on our way out of the city to see the waterfalls of San Antone when we passed a tiny cemetery near a stream. We stopped and I was out looking for a view to photograph when I heard voices.

I looked around and there I saw a scene that has been repeated millions of times in the old, old history of old, old Mexico. A group of women were merrily chatting in Spanish or Indian as they bent over their washing. They were not so distant but that I was able to distinguish their features as they laughed and talked. To me, one of the women had an open, friendly face that was decidedly attractive.

By motions I asked if I might take a photograph. They nodded their assent and resumed their work in perfect self-possession not even bothering to step out of the stream of water. I was sorry I could not speak their language and they mine, for certainly I felt that we could have visited most pleasantly.

While we were talking in a sort of sign language, another girl—a young bride, I presume,—came down to the same stream and proceeded to wash her breakfast dishes.

In the meantime our chauffeur, guide, and interpreter came up, having stopped his car, and spoke to the women. I told him to ask them if they would mind if I should take another close-up picture of them.

"Not at all," he answered after speaking to them in Spanish. "Take as many as you like, but they do say they would like to see the pictures when they are finished."

WASH day seems to be a most pleasant occasion for Mexican women, despite the hard work. They make of it a social occasion. Having lived long years in a more or less tribal or communal state, often they have a public laundry where all may go to do their clothes as they lean over their stone washboards.

On the day we were in Taxco, I was taken by two small boy-guides up a narrow, winding, cobble-paved street to the church of Guadalupe. On our way we passed Taxco's community laundry. There, too, I paused to take a photograph without a protest. The women paid me not the slightest attention, but went about their rubbing and their visiting as if I did not exist.

The Taxco public laundry is a perfect dream. There were the green, lacy trees only partially veiling the lovely sky. Below was the pool reflecting trees and sky and the red of the tiled roof as well as the color in the costumes of the women. Taxco is proud of its laundry and sells post-card photographs of it by the thousands.

These public laundries are found in all parts of the republic. In the outskirts of Mexico City, on our first day's excursion, we came upon a large one at which fifty or a hundred or more women could wash at once. All are much alike—there is the pool of water surrounded by the stone tubs and washboards. These washboards are in pairs enabling the women to face each other as they work. Often no doubt mother and daughter occupy these boards and get through the family washing twice as fast as one could do.

Upon our journey out of Mexico, we were able often to look out of the car windows and see washer-women busy laundering clothes in rain-puddles, while Emanual and Esperanza enjoyed themselves wading in them. Mexicans seem to enjoy water and are often found bathing or washing something. They seem to mind the downpours which they call rains not at all. With a wide hat and poncho they can be perfectly comfortable—they never look too happy—in any kind of weather.

Running streams are often used as dish-pans. Mexican furniture in the poorer homes is limited, indeed. The stove is often a mere table covered with clay upon which the charcoal glows. Few utensils of any kind are found in such homes. Except for a bit of pottery and the simplest kinds of tableware, the dining room is bare. Few Mexican houses or Jacals (pronounced Ha-cals) have any chimneys. What little smoke there is is all allowed to escape around the eaves and through the cracks.

AS I have said before, there is many a Ruth in the fields of Mexico. Since good water is scarce in many of the villages, she is often discovered carrying water on her shoulder as her sister on the hills of Palestine used to do. She carries herself as well as her utensils, gracefully, especially when she is young. Some of the older women are like beasts of burden under their heavy

loads on shoulders or heads, but they do not seem to mind. They are a pleasant, friendly people and smile under their loads as if they were nothing.

Near the beautiful falls of San Antone we found a Jacal in which there were pots of various kinds for sale. One of the attendants was a young lady with a serious expression, but with friendly though inquisitive eyes. I told her, through the interpreter, that I could not take a pot home with me because the distance was so great, but that I would give her the price of a small one, if she would take one on her shoulder and pose for a photograph. She consented. I wish the colors could be reproduced on this page, for then would be revealed more vividly her simple grace. Her dress was a bright yellow, the piece of pottery a sort of old rose, and the flowers near by were rare.

"Whose damsel is this" who washes by the streams and carries her burdens bravely on the hills of Old Mexico? Wouldn't we like to know!

Ever since Columbus came and found these girls here and told the world about them, men have been asking the question asked by Boaz. Of course, we Latter-day Saints answer unhesitatingly who she may be, but even we are eagerly looking forward to the day when there will be discovered a key to the ages-old history.

Upon my return from Old Mexico in 1935, I often said that I saw few beautiful or interesting women in Mexico; upon my return a few weeks ago, I was compelled to say that I saw many.

I, along with scores of artists through the years, have attempted to picture Ruth as she must have looked to that young field-owner, Boaz, upon his return from Bethlehem. She must have been striking in her simple charm to cause him to take such note of her. As beautiful as she may have been, there are damsels as lovely in Old Mexico, but from the point of view of history, they are an orphan people. A ruthless culture swept over their own, uprooting it and blotting it out until today it is more natural to ask about a Mexican-Indian woman, more than of any other in the world, "Whose damsel is this?"

RUTH

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Hers was a way of quiet beauty
As she gathered in
Scattered, golden wheat heads
For Naomi's bin,

Knowing that a humble duty
Would unfold a plan
Written in eternal ink
On the heart of man.

In her quiet way of beauty
Women, since, have trod,
Working . . . loving . . . dreaming
Leaving else to God.

Old Shawls From India—Cashmere

By Lutie H. Fryer
Assistant Professor—Home Economics Department—U. of U.

THE custom of wearing shawls is ages old and extends around the globe, from Asia to Europe, from Europe to America. The word "shawl" is derived from the Hindoo and Persian word "shal". Large and small shawls of delicate lace or heavy silk, of fine wool weave or cotton print have been worn about the head, hung from the shoulders, or draped around the body like a garment. Traveling the cycle of fashion, the shawl has intermittently appeared and reappeared in some countries as a favorite article of woman's dress, while elsewhere it has always been regarded as an indispensable part of the costume. Sixty years ago beautiful shawls were worn by all women of fashion in Europe and America.

Out of the Orient came the shawls of India, Persia and Turkey. From India came the finest, and of these the shawl from the Vale of Kashmir was ever the most beautiful. Poets have referred to this place as the home of the rose, the tulip, the lotus and the nightingale. Its people are famous all over the world for their knowledge of coloring and their mastery of design. There it was centuries ago that Kashmir (Anglicized Cashmere) shawls were made. Today they are almost priceless because shawl weaving as an important industry has all but died out in that land.

THE marvelously fine curly wool called pashm or pashmina, from which the best shawls were made, is an undercoat of peculiar delicacy that grows on the goats of Tibet to protect them from the cold and damp climate. In the spring the long hair was sheared and the pashmina removed by the aid of a rude comb, the shearing being done from the head towards the tail, and the combing in the reverse direction. It required the wool from several goats to produce sufficient yarn for one shawl, because the full grown animal yielded only about half a pound. The pashmina was packed into small bales of about thirty pounds and fastened to the backs of long-legged sheep which picked their dangerous way down over the winding, snowy passes of the Himalayas into the valley of Kashmir.

The precious bundles of shawl-wool were cleaned with rice powder or a warm solution of potash, bleached, carded, and then spun into yarn on the common churka or crude spinning-wheel by Indian women who often worked from dawn to midnight, sometimes by moonlight when her poverty denied her the use of even a cheap oil lamp. Occasionally, groups of women and girls could be seen spinning and singing together far into the night. At one time there were 100,000 of these spinners in Kashmir. The fine wool was generally spun into lengths of seven hundred yards, later was doubled and twisted by a reeler, and cut into lengths of about 3½ yards, the usual length of a shawl warp. The spinners sold the yarn to a puimangu, or a yarn merchant who, in turn, sold it at a small profit to the weaver. Yarn was

not exported as there was a heavy revenue on finished shawls, which was practically controlled by the Maharaja, who derived an excessive income from the shawl industry. The weaver took the yarn and his pattern to another person, who separated it into piles according to the colors indicated by the pattern. The design had been drawn in black and white and the colors merely indicated as a guide to the weaver and dyer.

The weaver then took the yarn to the dyer or dyers, as each family specialized generally in one color. Dyeing in the Orient has been for ages an hereditary occupation, the secret recipes for the various colors being jealously guarded from one generation to the next. These dyers of shawl-wool used pure vegetable dyes which accounts for the glowing depth and richness of colors found in old shawls from India. Indigo, cochineal, carthamus, logwood and saffron were used to produce reds, purples, blues, greens, yellow, orange and rose. The wool of the Tibet goat, being finer and whiter than that of the sheep, took on more brilliant hues, and the waters of the Jhelum River was an important factor in the pureness of the dyes and the softness of the wool.

A Cashmere Shawl of the Kussabas Type (square shawl) and the Kassee Roomal (loom woven).

The weaver was not ready even now to begin his task, as the various steps in the process of shawl making were highly specialized. He must now carry the skeins of dyed yarn to the nakatu, who cut it into required lengths and would it into balls. The number of warp lengths varied from 2000 to 3000 according to the fineness or coarseness of the yarn and the texture of the shawl to be woven. A warp-dresser next prepared the yarn with rice water to give it a slight stiffness which facilitated the weaving. After the warper had prepared the loom, the pattern-maker and the yarn-apportioner were called in and with the aid of the black and white design, worked out and dictated to a third person, who wrote down the distribution of the various colors and the number of yarns required for each motif. The notes which described the design for the complete shawl were given to the weaver, who at last began the important task of weaving.

SEATED before his loom, with the wrong side of the shawl toward him, the weaver worked silently while the reader called off the pattern. Two weavers were required in the making of a wide shawl, one throwing the shuttle halfway across, the other completing the throw. The weave was either plain or twill. Very narrow borders were woven with the body of the shawl; wider ones were generally woven separately on a small loom and afterward joined to the center with remarkable skill. These borders varied in width from a few inches to a foot or more, and the more borders a shawl had, the greater its value. The design motifs were generally worked out with an unusual kind of weave, in which a filling yarn did not run clear across as is the case in most woven fabrics, but ran back and forth across a single motif, interlocking at each turn with the differently colored yarn of the adjacent motif or of the background. This peculiar lock stitch gave a firmness which required no binder and which produced fine seam-like ridges which have led some people to believe that all the motifs were woven separately, and put together with minute seams. These seams are to be found where the borders are joined, where the center or field is pierced, or where certain motifs, left blank during the weaving, have been cut out and replaced by pattern pieces of other colors.

After weeks of labor when the master piece was finally finished, the weaver turned the shawl over to the cleaner, who cut off all loose ends and passed it on to the mender. The custom office now levied a twenty-six percent ad valorem duty and stamped and registered the shawl. Through a broker the manufacturer disposed of his goods to a merchant, a transaction which generally took place towards the end of the day, when the evening glow would best bring out the beauty of coloring. The merchant cleansed the shawls in clear water, put them upon a stretcher for two days, and then packed them. The shawls were folded and laid alternately with sheets of glazed paper, pressed for several days, sewn first into a cloth cover, next into one of birch bark, into a third of waxed cloth, and lastly into one of rawhide. They were well protected against the longest possible journey. The price of a Kashmir varied according to size and to the intricacy of the design, ranging from 40 rupees

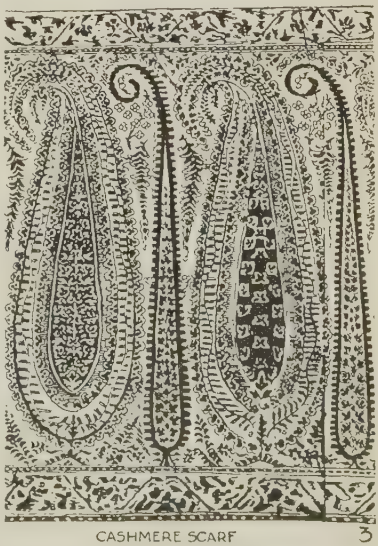
The well-known Cashmere Motif

($20.00) to 10,000 rupees ($5.000). Two of the best grade, occupying a dozen persons for about a year, brought approximately 30,000 rupees ($15,000).

IN the time of the Sultan Akbar, who conquered Kashmir in 1586, there were about 1,000 establishments for the weaving of shawls, employing most of the 40,000 looms throughout the valley. The industry held its own until the famine of 1820 drove many of the weavers southward into the Punjab, marking the beginning of a steady decline, contributed to by recurrent famine, adulteration of wool and dyes by the native manufacturers, the rise of shawl making in Europe, the abolition of forced labor, the increase of agriculture, and the introduction of other more remunerative occupations. The industry that once was the crowning glory of Kashmir has gradually degenerated into a rather commonplace needlework, done with floss silk or cotton which the tourist innocently brings home as beautiful examples of Indian embroidery.

THE characteristic design motif of the Kashmir shawls was the well known figure which has been variously called cone, cypress, pine, riverloop, Persian flame, palm leaf, mango and pear. Several explanations of the origin and meaning of this design have been given. It is a conventionalized form of a religious symbol. It originated in Chaldea, from whence it spread into India and Persia, appearing also in the arts of Arabia and Egypt. In Chaldea the date palm was a first necessity of existence, hence used as a symbol of fertility of nature in supplying food. It was known as "Tree of Life" and is connected with ancient worship. Two ornaments were derived from it:

(1) The pine or cone, which was the male or pollen-bearing inflorescence of the date palm; when



CASHMERE SCARF 3

associated with the flower, it becomes a symbol of the Creator. The pine and the flower are in reality the ornaments used in the Tabernacle in the wilderness (Exodus XXV-31) and in Solomon's Temple (I Kings, VI-8).

(2). The foliage of the date palm gave rise to what is called "honeysuckle ornament" so well known in Greek art.

It is easy to understand how the pine as a form of decoration came to be so generally used in Indian art. The Hindoo is a religious man and a mystic. Religion in form colors all his life and hence affects his art. In Indian art, symmetry and alternation play an important part in the arrangement of pattern, with a somewhat conventional or formal treatment of the flora forms, as compared with the more frank interpretation in Persian art.

The Mongul Emperors wore on their turbans a jeweled ornament known as the "Jigha", shaped like a cone, on the top of which was an aigret of feathers. A weaver of Kashmir used the form of the Jigha with a floral enrichment on a scarf for the emperor Baber with such a pleasing effect that the Jigha became a fashionable design in all shawls and scarfs and other articles of personal use.

As the delineation of human or animal forms was in general prohibited by religion, the designs were mostly conventional or realistic flowers.

NEXT in value and beauty to the shawls of India are the Persian, Turkish and Bokara. Though similar in general coloring, design and weave, the wool from which they are made was not so fine nor the weave so close.

According to the size and shape, the Indian shawls are divided into two general classes: the dosballas, or "long shawls", and kussabas, or "square shawls". In addition, there were kamewar, or shawl cloth woven in stripes or small all-over patterns sold by the yard, and ulwan, or plain white shawl cloth. The kussaba is divided into two classes: the kassee roomal, or loom-woven in the manner already described, and the umlee roomal, or needle embroidered shawl. The long shawls were more in favor in the Orient but the square ones in Europe.

Cashmere shawls add untold beauty of interesting design and color to a home when used properly. They make beautiful wall hangings, as works of art. A long shawl is best hung, slightly folded, over a pole, so as to show a little over two-thirds. A square shawl may be hung in a like manner. If the wall space is large enough to permit a small shawl to be used as a wall hanging, brass rings should be sewn across one end and hung on a rod. Shawls are far too valuable to be used as couch covers.

Experience shows that many persons who own genuine Oriental shawls have all too little knowledge and appreciation of their real value as art treasures. Many have suffered from sacriligious scissors. These great masterpieces of art are genuine antiques. Bring them out into the light and use occasionally to give pleasure to all who see them, but never cut one up to be made into evening wraps, dresses or bags as too often has been the case. No one would be guilty of cutting up an oil painting and yet a beautiful Oriental shawl ranks in value with an oil painting.

Rebels

By Alice Lee Eddy

"SO this is Paris!" Jane Martin said to herself bitterly as she gazed at the desolate sun-baked landscape. Little heat waves shimmered in the sun and a fine gray dust sifted over the tops of her trim new oxfords. "No wonder the pay is good; it's worse than I thought it would be!" She followed the stage driver disconsolately into the bus station which was also the Post Office, general store, and hotel.

A plump, rosy-cheeked woman hurried forward to meet her. "You must be the new teacher," she said. "I'm Mrs. Snow." She led Jane upstairs to a large sunny room, chatting happily all the way. "The teacher always stays with me; it's about the only place she can stay, but the girls have all seemed happy here. This is always the teacher's room; it has a desk and book shelves. The girls like it because it has the biggest closet and is always sunny and warm in winter."

Jane noticed that it was immaculately clean, that the bed seemed to be a good one, that the old-fashioned rocking chair looked particularly comfortable, and that the ruffled window curtains and braided rugs were well selected and cheery. "It's a lovely room," she said sincerely, "but I'm afraid it will be more than I can afford."

Mrs. Snow nodded understandingly as she quoted a price well within Jane's budget. "The girls always want to save as much as they can," she said. "With some it is trousseaus and with others it is school debts."

She looked hopefully at Jane and Jane was surprised to hear herself confiding, "School debts, and I must send some to my mother each month." She didn't add that she was a recent and unwilling recruit to the army of school teachers because an injury to her hand had ended a promising musical career.

AT her genial landlady's suggestion, Jane remained downstairs that first evening and met the various people who came into the store. She found them pleasant and ready to meet her more than half way. Mrs. Snow whispered hurried explanations and descriptions of the people presented. "President of the School Board," she hissed, as a tall dark man, distinguished looking in spite of rough boots and a straw hat, came up and was presented as John Talbot.

As he turned to leave, John Talbot came face to face with a man who bore him a remarkable resemblance. The second man was heavier and obviously older but he had the same dark handsomeness. The two exchanged no word as they stalked past each other, but John Talbot's face evinced a dark scowl. The newcomer gave no sign that he saw the look or the man. He moved on to his Post Office box as though no one was near.

Later, Mrs. Snow, anxious to inform Jane on all matters of interest, recalled the little drama: "That was Henry Talbot, John's oldest brother. He's at outs with all the Talbots and everybody else. Wealthiest man around here. He sits alone out there in his big house just waiting for chances to outdo the other Talbot boys. If one of them gets a fine registered animal, Henry gets two. If one of them buys a new piece of machinery Henry gets a bigger one. When John got elected to the school

board Henry did too. Folks thought it would be quite exciting to get them together on the board that way, but Henry fooled 'em as usual, and never goes to the meetings."

"How foolish," exclaimed Jane. "Whatever makes this Henry Talbot so disagreeable?"

"It's a long story," continued Mrs. Snow, "and the most enduring topic of gossip in the countryside—or was some years ago. Everybody just takes Henry's orneriness for granted now. I remember when I was a good chunk of a girl Henry was a handsome young man, a fine young fellow, but high spirited and fast riding. He decided things were too slow for him around here so started out to see the world. Any evidence of the wanderlust infuriated Henry's father; he was determined Henry should stay right here. Well, they had an awful row about it and finally came to settling it with their fists. My, how the countryside buzzed with gossip of that fight. For all Henry was such a husky lad his Dad gave him a terrible thrashing. That settled all question of any of the Talbots ever going to the city, and I guess it's just as well. They've all prospered here, Henry most of all, for all his meanness."

"I don't think he has a mean face," defended Jane, "it's hard and strong, but not mean."

"Hard and strong, fiddlesticks," snorted Mrs. Snow, "it's stubbornness and temper."

JANE forgot Henry Talbot and the family feud in the busy days which followed, days of activity adjusting herself to her new work, getting acquainted with her pupils, establishing her daily routine. She had expected to hate teaching and the little outpost of civilization, but surprisingly enough, she didn't. The people were friendly; the cheerful mothering of "Ma" Snow was a joy; her school was well equipped and the pupils eager and alert. None of the problems she had anticipated confronted her—but there was Jimmy.

Jimmy, son of John Talbot, was taking the eighth grade for the third time. Refusing to study, he naturally disturbed the morale of the school. He mystified Jane. She felt sure he was not a dolt, neither was he the typical bad boy. There was an occasional flash that promised alertness. Jane tried everything she could think of to interest him. She organized sports and contests, encouraged originality in creative effort, introduced simple woodwork and related manual arts. The rest of the school were delighted—Jimmy remained uninterested.

"There's something there," she insisted to herself, "if I could only find the key."

ONE day most unexpectedly she found it. She had stayed at the school house later than usual and as she walked home in the stillness of the late afternoon sunshine she heard faint music. It was hardly audible, but on impulse she left the road and climbed the dusty bank to the meeting house. Yes, someone was playing the organ—probably the organist practising next Sunday's hymns. The front door was locked so Jane went around to the back one and let herself in. The music had a plaintive beauty. Jane felt strangely moved and thrilled as she rounded the high-backed organ. A gasp of surprise warned the player of her presence.

"Why, Jimmy," she said, "I didn't know you could play!"

The boy made a stuttering sound as if trying to answer. If Jane's position had not penned him in be-

hind the organ he would have darted away. As it was he was at bay, terrified, yet with a half-defiant look in his eyes.

"I'll tell you a secret, Jimmy, if you won't tell anyone," Jane hurried on. "I hoped to be a musician myself," she held out her scarred hand, "but I injured the ligaments and nerves in my fingers and will never be able to finger a violin again."

"Then you won't tell?" Jimmy was eagerly intent upon only one thing.

"Not a word to anybody. It will be our secret."

Jimmy breathed easier. "The kids would laugh at me," he said, but Jane knew that was not the real reason for concealment.

"Play some more," said Jane. She sat down on the organ bench with him, but Jimmy was still shy so she started talking about the keyboard and musical staff. Jimmy listened intently. Before she realized, she was giving a music lesson—she who had sworn in bitterness never to talk of music again. Jimmy played "by ear"; he had had no instruction. Thirstily he drank in Jane's explanations. With a start she realized that it was almost dark.

"We must go, but I'll help you again some time."

"When? Tomorrow, Miss Martin?"

He seemed so eager. "Yes, tomorrow, if you have your lessons," she agreed.

JIMMY'S conduct at school next day was above reproach. His lessons were prepared and some back work as well. Jane was delighted.

After school she found him waiting for her at the organ and she gave him his second lesson—much more than a lesson, in fact. "We can't go so fast," she kept telling herself, but Jimmy seemed to assimilate everything instantly. Apparently he could go just as fast as she could teach him. Much he seemed to know. He had a sort of instinctive awareness that needed only suggestion to bring it out into conscious understanding. At the end of a week Jane sent for her own music books and violin.

It seemed strange that such talent had received no recognition. Her promise of secrecy prevented a definite mention of it, but she attempted to sound out his father. She suggested a little music work as a possible new interest for her pupils. The trustee snorted, "If the pupils have time for frills you aren't working them hard enough—fundamentals, that's what we want."

"I thought perhaps some of them might have talent," she offered weakly, and was amazed at the savageness of the reply.

"If you catch some that think so, send 'em to me and I'll beat it out of them!"

"Why is your father so opposed to music?" she asked Jimmy later.

"It's a taint in our blood," said Jimmy in an awed voice.

"A taint?"

"Yes, you see my great grandfather was a fiddler and a wanderer, and he wasn't much good. We seldom mention him but all our bad traits are blamed on to him, the bad temper and all."

"There's no connection between musical talent and bad temper."

"Uncle Henry was wild when he was young. They think he inherited the wanderlust from Great Grandfather. If they knew I like music—!" Jimmy lacked words to measure the depth of that evil!

"Musical talent is nothing to be ashamed of, Jimmy. It's a wonderful gift."

Jimmy smiled ruefully. "Dad doesn't think so."

IN spite of their knowledge of John Talbot's attitude, the lessons went on and Jane's wonder grew daily.

When the violin arrived Jimmy's face shone with eagerness. "Oh, gee!" he breathed with a sort of worshipful ecstacy as he held the instrument tenderly. "There was supposed to be a violin among Great Grandfather's junk. I used to dream of finding it, but of course it's destroyed. They say Uncle Henry smashed all of his stuff to tiny bits once when he was mad at Grandfather. How Uncle Henry would razz Pa if he knew I was studying music!"

"But Jimmy, it isn't right to deceive them."

"Well, what else can I do?" What else indeed! And the matter stood there.

Jimmy spent as much time as possible with the precious violin. Delighted that he was doing well in his studies the family asked no questons regarding his long hours at school.

By the end of the winter Jane felt she had little more to offer him. He played her pieces better than she ever had, and improvised melodies that amazed her. Reverently Jane knew that she was feeding not the spark of talent but the glowing flame of genius. When she learned that a great master was to visit a nearby city where she had to attend a school exhibit she took Jimmy with her.

A meeting was arranged with the master. Jane never forgot that interview—the rugged, sharp-faced master; the boy, a rural young princeling facing him without timidity. He played the most difficult piece Jane had taught him and then started on a group of his own compositions. The master listened, then stopped him with the abrupt question, "Do you want to be a farmer?"

"Oh, no, sir," breathed Jimmy, "I want to play!"

"Then come to my studio in the spring," said the master, and Jimmy answered, "Yes, sir." It was settled as simply as that.

Out on the street Jane gasped, "Jimmy, do you realize he's the greatest teacher in America, in the world perhaps!" And later, "Jimmy, his studio is in New York! How will you get there?"

"That's my problem," said Jimmy.

A problem it was! John Talbot was enraged when he learned what Jane had done. He declared the place of the Talbots was right there and never would he tolerate a "cheap fiddling loafer" in his family.

As a last desperate resort Jane and Jimmy went to Uncle Henry. "If we can soft pedal the musician part," said Jane, "maybe some memory of his own revolt will make him sympathetic with your desire to leave home."

Uncle Henry, however, proved very disagreeable, especially when he learned that Jimmy's real desire was to be a musician.

"But he's a genius," pleaded Jane.

"If he's really a genius he won't need my help. He'll succeed in spite of all of us," said Uncle Henry.

Jane and Jimmy did not give up. "There's still the Stepper," said Jimmy, "I'll sell him."

The spring horse auction in Woodruff found Jane and Jimmy among the throng, but nobody bought the Stepper. "Uncle Henry is here," whispered Jimmy. "He's frightened off any buyers." It seemed true, for the long afternoon dragged by and no offers came for the Stepper. Just before sundown, however, some automobile tourists reached town and the Stepper was sold for the fabulous sum of $150. "But it's not too much for the Stepper," Jimmy as-

sured Jane. "Seems like selling a brother, but I couldn't take him with me to New York."

THE next day Jimmy left home. His father was furious and openly declared it would cost Jane her position.

After two weeks of anxious waiting Jane received a letter. Jimmy was managing very well. Remembering the name of the warehouse company to whom the Snowville folk shipped wool, he had applied for and obtained a position as one of their night watchmen. "That means I'll have a little income and a place to stay where I can practice as much as I like," he wrote. Mornings he spent with his teacher. By the second letter his teacher had secured him work with a broadcasting orchestra.

"The master is harsh and stern, but that's just his way," Jimmy told them. "Sometimes I please him and sometimes I don't, but always I work hard." Jane could read between the lines an adoration of the master and a growing bond between them.

In a month he had played at one of the master's recitals. "I must have pleased at least one person," Jimmy wrote exultantly, for I have received a wonderful old Cremona from an anonymous doner, and my teacher thinks if I work hard enough he can get funds from the same source for some study abroad! As for the violin, it's like a part of me, Miss Jane. It seems to know the songs I dream of."

Justification! She had not been mistaken. Jimmy was a genius. He would find help, recognition, from now on. She had had a part in giving him to the world.

She thought, "What do I care if the school board is meeting this very day to decide not to reemploy me? I've helped to give to the world an artist."

To share the good news, and to be less conspicuous while the school trustees were in session, Jane rode out to Talbot's to talk with Jimmy's mother about it. Then still excited and loath to return home, she rode on toward the foothills.

When she came to Henry Talbot's prosperous ranch she couldn't resist the impulse to turn in and tell him of Jimmy's great progress — "to gloat a bit," she told herself. Uncle Henry listened with apparent interest but made no comment. "It proves that he did the right thing by going," Jane concluded. "He's a born musician and never would have made a good farmer."

Explosively, Uncle Henry dropped the repression of years, his voice vibrant with emotion, "Oh, yes he would. He would have made a *good* farmer eating his heart out trying to make melodies of pastures and symphonies of plow-furrows!" For once his determined chin was overshadowed by the eloquence of sparkling eyes. Jane saw with a shock that the gnarled, clenched hands were long and sensitively delicate.

She was almost stunned before that flash of revelation. She understood it all, Jimmy's position in the warehouse, the intimation of opportunity to study in Europe, the old Cremona which sang so readily. "Uncle Henry!" she said to herself, "and all these years no one ever knew."

THE store was agog with chatter and excitement when Jane returned. Mrs. Snow was bubbling over with news. "You've got your contract for next year, with a raise in salary."

"What!" gasped Jane weakly. There were too many surprises for one afternoon.

"Yes, indeed," exulted Mrs. Snow. "Of course, all the patrons wanted you back but John Talbot never would have let the board hire you, but bless my soul if Uncle Henry Talbot didn't come to Trustee's meeting, first time in thirteen years. Talk about a wild meeting! They say he out-roared John Talbot, thumped on the table, shook his fist in John's face, and simply brow-beat the rest of the board into out-voting John!

"You're the only person in history who ever got a good turn from Henry Talbot!" she ran on happily, "and I guess the only reason he helped you was because it gave him a chance to plague John."

"Oh, no," Jane started a defense, but she realized that they would never understand—he would not want them to. She didn't even tell them that she had just seen the Stepper contentedly munching alfalfa hay in Uncle Henry's corral.

KINDLINESS

By Adeline R. Ensign

There never was an unkind word
That did not leave a sting,
No bitter thought or selfish deed
That did not sorrow bring;
For though they may seem trifling things
True happiness they mar.
There never was a real heartache
That did not leave a scar.

And since there's so much suffering
O'er which we have no power,
Then let the things we do and say
Enrich each passing hour;
For pleasant words and kindly deeds
Make love in triumph reign,
It's what we sow in kindliness
We reap in love again.

Pioneer Sacrifice

By Ellen R. Bryner

'TWAS an early fall morning. The air was crisp and cold. The comforts of the improvised two rooms of log with earthen floor and roof were very few. Caroline Butler awakened after a night of restless anxiety. There were eleven hungry mouths to feed. For days their rations had been scanty. A little wild game had come to them occasionally from members of the camp, while the husband and father, with his teams and wagons assisted poorer Saints into Winter Quarters. The food in the larder was not sufficient to satisfy the needs for one meal of the hungry growing family. As the anxious mother placed the last scanty store of food upon the rough table, and urged her family to make preparations for their morning meal, her heart was full of entreaty to God to send help from some source that day.

As they were about to partake, an old Indian woman walked into the room and asked for bread. Caroline was conscious of her family's needs for food and of her own physical weakness from an almost utter lack of it, because she had given most of her portion to satisfy the hunger of her smaller children. "This is all we have," she answered, "but we will share it with you." The Indian woman partook and went her way. Not far away through the woods she had thriftily stored some food after the Indian fashion.

CAROLINE learned that day that bread cast upon the water to satisfy the hungry shall come back an hudred fold. This Indian grandmother (for thus she was known from that day forth) returned with sufficient dried buflalo meat and dried berries to stay the pangs of hunger until other supplies came. Many times during the three years stay she came to that humble refuge sharing her own savings of food with her adopted family.

Poverty was the order of the day with these driven and much persecuted Latter-day Saints. As many were doing, this large family was planning the long journey westward without sufficient foot-wear and clothing, a consequence of the confiscation of their possessions and being driven from their homes.

Hearing that the journey to the mountains was soon to be continued, Grandmother Squaw determined to make heavy buckskin moccasins for each member of the family. After tedious weeks of labor all were finished and fitted with the exception of a pair for the mother. She spent extra time decorating this pair as a visible sign of her deep devotion. Early one morning, knowing the time for their departure was near, she approached the little log house only to find her loved ones gone. Almost overcome with disappointment and sorrow, she sat up an Indian wail and started to follow the wagon tracks.

Five miles the family had traveled that first day. After the campfires had burned low, oxen cared for, and all the weary travelers were settled in their beds, an Indian wail was heard in the distance, growing louder as it came nearer. Grandmother Squaw had followed her new found family in order to present her last token of love before a final goodbye. With the moccasins she had brought a generous supply of dried pulverized venison in a pouch made from the stomach of a deer, and a sack of dried berries.

Sacrifice and service bring their own reward. Reaching out to share, however little our own portion, richly compensates the giver.

Nutrition and Health

By Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe, University of Utah

NUTRITION, the Chemistry of Life"* is truly an inspired title to a great book. This book impresses one with the vital necessity of an understanding of nutrition in buildng positive health. Nutrition is not a new field of knowledge. Investigators have been conscious of its importance and as early as 1585 people understood that body temperature and energy to do work came from the food they ate. Nothing was known of the special values of any one kind of food; all foods were considered as aliments. From this vague beginning up to the present time many wonderful truths have been discovered by our research workers. Today the science of nutrition occupies a prominent place in the scientific world and its importance is generally recognized.

The nutrition problem of concern is how the mothers in thirty million homes of the United States and the millions in other countries, may become informed concerning the principles of correct feeding of their families for health and efficiency, and what means can be used to convince them of its serious importance in family well-being. The next most serious problem is how to distribute the world's wealth so that each family will possess sufficient purchasing power to provide the right kinds of food in sufficient amounts to meet its needs.

The important functions of nutrition are roughly classified as follows:

1. To provide heat and energy.
2. To supply body building material.
3. To control the body functions.

To Provide Heat and Energy

IN order to meet all of these requirements one must understand what constitutes a food supply that will meet these needs.

First, in order to insure an adequate supply of energy, a diet must contain enough foods so that when they are burned in the body there will be sufficient heat released to keep the body warm and sufficient energy given off to enable the body to perform its internal and external work.

Where do heat and energy come from and how are they made available for the use of the body? Originally all energy comes from the sun. It is stored in growing plants; animals and human beings eat these plants which constitute our orginal food supply. The plant world furnishes our entire supply of vegetables and fruits; the animals eat the products of the vegetable kingdom and then transform them into animal foods such as meat, milk, eggs, etc. In all these foods, vegetable and animal, the energy is stored. These foods are prepared for consumption, some are eaten in their raw state, others are cooked in order to make them more palatable and more easily digested. The next step towards the release of this energy is the digestion of the foodstuffs. The sole purpose of digestion is to prepare the food so that it may be taken into the

*"Nutrition, The Chemistry of Life" Mendel Lafayette.

blood stream and thence carried to every living cell in the body. All food that is ready for the blood stream is in a liquid form, that is, the food is in solution so that it can pass through the body membranes. All indigestible material and all waste products are eliminated from the body. As this food enters into the millions of little cells in all parts of the body, some of it is burned and this is the source of our heat and energy. Just as gasoline is burned to supply energy to run the car, or as we burn fuel in our stoves or furnaces to give us heat, so is food burned in our bodies. Some of this food is also used to build new body tissues, muscles, bones, brain, nerves, etc. Some of the food is used to form the digestive juices, the secretions of the many glands that have so much to do in controlling the functions of the body such as the beating of the heart, the breathing of the lungs, the oxidation of foods and many other vital activities of the body.

Since it requires energy to grow and energy to do the internal work of the body of which we are not conscious, as well as the work that we do externally, one must be sure that he is eating sufficient food to meet these needs. What foods are the best sources of energy? All foods except the minerals and water will yield heat and energy when they are burned. Some foods will yield more heat and energy per given unit just as some fuels will yield more energy, depending upon their composition and the completeness of their burning. Fatty foods, like hard coal, will yield the greatest amount of heat and energy if completely burned. Butter, fats, and oils of all kinds will give us the most heat for a given amount of the food. All of the starchy foods such as rice, tapioca, bread, cereals, root and tuber vegetables; the sugars, syrups, honey and fruits will give off heat and energy when burned. Meat, fish, eggs, and other protein foods also supply heat and energy. The following illustration will give an idea of the comparative amounts of heat and energy: One gram of fat will yield nine calories and one gram of starch, sugar, or protein will yield four calories of heat. The words heat and energy are used interchangeably. Heat is a form of energy and while we do not know just what energy is we do know that it is the power by means of which the body performs its internal and external work.

To Supply Body Building Material

THE next important function of food is to supply building material for the growth and development of the body. Protein foods are the chief sources of building material. Such foods are found universally distributed throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Life is dependent upon the presence of proteins. They are absolutely necessary in the nucleus and active or protoplasmic tissue of every cell. No new cell can be built nor any old cell repaired without the presence of protein. All the vital processes of life are dependent upon it.

Plants can build protein out of the simple substances in the soil and air, while animals must feed upon the plants or other animals in order to obtain their protein. If one ate no protein, even though an abundance of the starches, sugars, and fats were eaten, one would soon starve to death. Surplus pro-

tein foods cannot be stored for use in the body as can fats and carbohydrates, but must be supplied by the daily diet.

Protein foods differ from the other food classes in the fact that they contain the element of nitrogen. Protein foods are made up of what are called amino acids. There are twenty-one definitely known amino acids at the present time. These amino acids are spoken of as building stones. Each amino acid has its own chemical identity and one cannot be substituted for another, but they can supplement each other. In order to show the differences in the protein values, the protein foods are classified as follows:

Complete proteins—those that contain all of the amino acids that have to be supplied in the food in sufficient amounts to maintain life and provide for normal growth—such as the protein in milk, meat, eggs, cheese. Proteins partially complete—those which, when used as the sole source of protein in the diet, are able to maintain life but will not support growth—such as the proteins in cereals and vegetables. Other proteins—such as gelatin in meat and others in certain cereals and vegetables—cannot even maintain growth because of the absence of certain important amino acids.

The common protein foods all contain mixtures of proteins. Proteins rich in certain amino acids will supplement the proteins that do not contain all the amino acids thus making all of them function in maintaining life and supporting growth. Thus milk, a complete protein, will supplement bread, an incomplete protein; cheese will supplement macaroni; meat will supplement vegetables, etc.

Minerals are also necessary for the building of body tissue. There are thirteen important elements in the composition of the body. Only five of these elements are present in the carbohydrates—sugar, starches; fats—cream, butter, vegetable oils, fat meat; and proteins—meat, eggs, peas and beans. The other eight elements needed by the body must come largely from the minerals which are found combined with our food supply as it is produced by nature. Purified foods such as pure fats, sugar, corn starch and highly milled grains contain almost none of these important minerals. It is difficult to say which of the minerals are most important. They appear in the body in widely varying amounts but iron which is present in minute amounts is as important as calicium which is found in very great amounts. Some of the most important minerals and their chief uses as building materials are as follows:**

Calcium and phosphorus build bones and teeth.

Sulphur is needed by the hair, nails and skin.

Potassium, phosphorus, sulphur and chlorine are needed by soft tissues, especially the muscles.

All of the mineral salts, especially phosphorus, are needed by the nervous tissue.

All the minerals, especially iron, calcium, sodium, phosphorus and chlorine, are needed to build good normal blood.

The various glands need special minerals for their secretions: the stomach needs chlorine; the intestinal secretions need sodium; the thyroid needs iodine.

**"Nutrition and Health" Bogert.

To Control the Body Functions

THE third important function of food is to make it possible for the many wonderful and important functions of the body to work smoothly and efficiently. The mineral salts are mainly concerned in meeting this important responsibility. Food will do no good unless the various processes of the body can be regulated.

The first necessity in the control of the body functions is to maintain a normal exchange of the body fluids from one part of the body to another. All food must be dissolved before it can be carried to the various parts of the body. The blood stream is largely made up of water and the soft tissues of the body contain a great deal of it. The concentration of minerals in the fluids of the body are responsible for the movement of the dissolved food products from one part of the body to another. These dissolved food particles are carried from the intestinal tract where they have been digested, to all parts of the body to be used for building material, or burned to produce heat and energy. All of the minerals take part in this important work.

Mineral salts are also necessary in order that the muscles of the body can expand and contract, as in the beating of the heart and in the breathing of the lungs; all physical work done by the body, such as walking, washing, ironing, etc. is done through the power of the muscles to contract and expand. This great muscular action is initiated by the nerves which stimulate the muscles to action. All of the minerals help in these two latter functions.

The clotting of the blood which is so necessary in hemorrhage or when blood vessels are broken is made possible by calcium.

We said that the heat and energy was made available to the body through the burning of foods. This oxidation is controlled and made possible largely through the action of the minerals, iodine and iron.

There are two general classes of minerals, those that are acid in their reaction and those that are basic. The best health of the body is maintained when the blood stream is slightly alkaline. The blood builds up a reserve supply of alkaline materials so that the blood stream can always be kept alkaline. For this reason one must be sure to eat plenty of fruits, vegetables, nuts and milk to insure a supply of the basic minerals. The acid foods are eggs, meat, and cereals of all kinds. A balance between the acid minerals, phosphorus, sulphur and chlorine and the basic minerals sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium must be maintained in health.

The vitamins also play an important part in regulating the body functions. These vital food substances are necessary to growth and the maintenance of health. There are six known vitamins at the present time and there are others that are not definitely known. Vitamins, A, B, C, D, G, E, are known. Each one has definite functions to perform. No one can be substituted for another but all supplement each other. The existence of these vitamins and the fact that they are essential to growth and health has been established beyond question of a doubt.

Space in this article will not per-

mit a discussion of the various classes of foods with their special food values but a well-balanced dietary will include daily a pint and one-half to one quart of milk for growing children and at least a pint for adults; whole wheat bread and whole grain cereals should be used liberally; two or more fresh vegetables other than potatoes should be eaten daily; green leafy vegetables, carrots, tomatoes and all red or yellow vegetables should be eaten as often as possible as they are our richest sources of mineral salts and vitamins.

A careful selection of proteins should appear daily especially in the diet of a growing child. Milk should supply the chief source of protein but as the child grows older it should be supplemented with eggs, cheese, and meat.

Nutrition is in no sense a fad. Its facts are scientific and positive; health is dependent upon a diet that will provide the various needs of the body. Every mother owes it to her family to study this important subject and thus contribute to the well-being of her family.

BARE TREES

By Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Storm drives the clouds. The sun
has set.
A branch moves up and down the
pane.
Against the sky in silhouette
The trees are bare along the lane.

The sparrows cheep beneath the
eaves.
In chill discomfort they complain.
Above a motley bed of leaves
The trees are bare along the lane.

Belated geese are flying south,
Their call an ancient keen refrain.
The land is drab with Autumn
drouth.
The trees are bare along the lane.

The Gourd Hobby

By Dorothy Nell Mair

AUTUMN days are hobby days! A few seasons past autumn days found us scouting through the fields, the foothills, and the marshes for reeds and weeds of attractive shapes and sizes. We took them home, dipped them in paint pots of enamels and variegated bronze powders, and when we were through we had a gay and artistic winter bouquet. Autumn days still find us searching for decorative material, but no longer do we raid the ditch banks, or snatch long stems of bearded wheat from a farmer's field. Our search takes us now no farther than our own backyards, or the neighbor's, where grow those twisted, fantastic squashes we call gourds.

Gourds are the hard-shelled relatives of garden squashes and pumpkins. Even though we may find them in vegetable gardens, or any warm sunny place where their use as a screen adds a decorative background to some unsightly place, they are not vegetables. They are fruits and the product of a flower. Some of these blossoms are beautiful, covering the long vines that trail for as many as fifty to one hundred feet over the ground, or upon a strong trellis. They bloom at night and are the most attractive at dawn when the flowers are full. With the first rays of the sun the flowers close. The leaves, too, are large and ornamental, adding to their desirability as a decorative screen. The fruit of the vine is the most fantastic and interesting of all, and has been adapted to many purposes. Growing gourds give a novel touch to the garautumn frosts have killed the vines den during hot summer days. When the fruit is still useful—not as a food—but for decorative ornaments and containers. They are among the oldest of our cultivated plants. The Lagenaria gourds were used by the Egyptians for water vessels and food containers as far back as the Twelfth Dynasty.

MANY years ago gourds were popular as table decorations. Then, as fashion changed, interest in them vanished to some extent. They were much too fascinating, however, to be forgotten by the horticulturists. They were also much too fascinating to be forgotten by the public for long. Interest in gourd cultivation and ornamentation is keener today than ever, having flared forth with new zeal to such extent that the growing, decorating and use of gourds has developed into a worth while hobby.

If you favor a particular kind of gourd for a particular use, and wish to enjoy the pleasure of cultivating the gourd yourself, your hobby begins not in the lull of autumn days, but as soon as the danger of frost has disappeared in the springtime. Gourds grow best in warm, temperate or tropical regions, but they can be cultivated in the cooler zones. They require warm, fertile soil and plenty of sunshine, also plenty of room in which to ramble, for ramble they will to great lengths. They can be started in pots indoors and later placed where desired. This is an especially good plan if you live where seasons are short. They require a long season to reach full maturity, as the first frost kills them. There are numerous kinds, but the Lagenaria gourds are the most commonly

used for containers and ornaments. They grow in the most fantastic shapes and are often quite large. Many of the small gourds, and even the warty ones, make beautiful ornaments for a table centerpiece. Odd dishes for candy, nuts and handy little trays can be carved from them while shells are green.

Because the Lagenaria gourds are large and better shaped for utility vessels, they have been given names suggestive of them, such as: dipper, bottle, spoon, powder horn, African pipe, siphon, and so on. One of the most common uses for them today is for bird houses. They add a quaint picturesqueness hanging in your garden. The little doorways should be cut while the gourd shell is still green as it is easier done then and in no way harms the shell. If anything the drying is hastened when the air is allowed to penetrate the inside. The seeds and fibrous substance are removed. The outside of the shell can be painted, or merely cleaned and polished with wax. But even this does not have to be done, as a gourd birdhouse is decorative enough in itself. For interior ornaments the gourds are often varnished. Sometimes, little desert scenes are sketched on them.

If you have a patio or a sunporch where you enjoy using bright colors in furniture and pottery, gourds are most appropriate. They can be used for water bottles and quaint vases or flower bowls. Strings of the smaller ones in varied shapes, highly polished, lend an atmosphere of Mexico, and give a queer tinkling sound when the wind moves them.

New and novel uses for gourds about the home will be discovered as one experiments with them. The very small ones thoroughly dried make excellent and safe rattles for the baby. The outside need be only thoroughly cleaned before given into his chubby hands. The dry seeds within, falling against the shell, create an amusing rattle. These rattles were at one time part of a medicine man's equipment to frighten off the devils of disease.

The secret of long life for any gourd is to have it thoroughly dried and hard before usage begins. It may be cut and shaped while still green, but not used. Painting, waxing, or varnishing the outside also gives a protective coat against wear.

If you become a gourd hobbyist you will want to cultivate them yourself. Most of the fun of having them about is in the cultivating. No one can predict just what shape a gourd will be until it is fully matured, and there are always delightful surprises hidden among the vines.

To plant the seed, to watch the vines grow and bloom, to anticipate the fantastic shapes and uses of the fruit, and then to actually fashion them for use about the home, is to experience the full joy of creation.

Aunt Heartha

By Minnie I. Hodapp

WHITE winter had come overnight to Riverbend, transforming the scattered village into a landscape of sky and snow. All the wayside hedges were arrayed in dainty plumage. Even the brown farmhouse at the curve of the highway seemed taller in its cap of downy softness. The house was surrounded by an orchard in immaculate robing. Fairy arches led from the gate to the front door.

Soon a glossy blue roadster halted by the gate. through the car window a pair of lovers—an engaged couple—were peering toward the brown house and conjecturing upon it as their possible home.

"Nice place," whispered Christy, her eyes beaming with gladness.

"Yours and mine," answered Hap. "My heritage from Grandmother Worth. Do you see that lilac tree by the corner of the porch? Grandma Worth planted it years and years ago."

Christy was perfectly aware that she couldn't match Hap's worldly possessions, but in accord with Aunt Heartha's guidance, she had gradually acquired a chest of durable household goods including table linen, sheets, pillow cases—even a couple of fluffy satin quilts—the workmanship of her own hands.

Long ago she had resolved that Aunt Heartha's many little sacrifices for her chest of pretty things should not go unrewarded. Christy meant to take the dear soul into her future home—not as a housekeeper or caretaker—but as the beloved and loving angel of the hearth. Often had she mused and reflected upon this possibility until it had come to seem natural and plausible. She told herself that if Hap should leave Aunt Heartha out of their mutual plans, Christy herself would soon manage to fade out of the picture, too. Her method would be self-effacing and quiet and void of bitterness or acrimony. This was a foregone conclusion. She recalled it now as she gazed upon Hap's hospitable house this snow-clad winter morning.

LOOK, Christy," said Hap, "that rambler along the front porch will be a bower of roses next June. And you know what this coming June means to you and me." At this the little house seemed to beckon.

"It's a charming place," said Christy. "Shall we look inside?"

"That's just what we've driven out here for, Darling," and his arm went round her in an endearing embrace.

Hap helped Christy out of the car and his gentleness expressed more than words how very precious she was to him. Christy skipped blithely up the long path a few steps ahead of Hap. He walked steadily erect carrying Christy's very heavy case of art equipment, including brushes and color boxes and sheets of paper.

Christy paused by the porch and glanced up into Hap's face. His features were suffused with joy and pride as he stepped up and unlocked the door, flinging it wide. A wave of warm air like a summer breeze enveloped them.

"You've set up a new stoker, Hap! And I dare say you did it for this visit," beamed Christy.

"I want you to feel comfortable while you're looking through the place."

The spacious east window had a wide, long, roomy sill. Christy at once envisioned a window of ger-

aniums with Aunt Heartha coaxing them into bud and bloom. Hap, meanwhile, was thinking only of Christy. His Christy!

She glanced up at him with an ingratiating smile. "I had no idea you had so thoroughly remodeled," said she.

Hap opened an adjoining door. "This room is rather small," said he, "but will be convenient for an occasional guest." Christy's face was radiant and sunny as she stepped inside the cozy little sanctum. Inaudibly her heart exclaimed, "Heartha's own little room!"

Closing the door, Hap remarked, "This is an old-fashioned stairway with worn steps, Christy, but none of them creak." Hap grasped her outstretched hand and slowly led her up the narrow passage. With the opening of the loft door came a blue-bending arch of sky.

"A roof garden!" exclaimed Christy. Whoever would have dreamed of such a luxury!" Turning to Hap she whispered, "Dearest, you did this all for me!" He smiled a slow, meditative smile and gave answer:

"To tell you fact, Christy, I've stayed awake nights thinking this out—a place for you to steal away by yourself to sketch the summer landscape. Here you'll be at liberty to apply yourself to your beloved art unmolested."

Christy's eyes were resting on the fields of snow, and beyond the willow-lined creek and little groups of young oak trees. She seemed dumb with happiness and surprise.

"In early spring," continued Hap, "when the green begins to creep back into the trees and the spaces between show the bonny blue sky"—

A LOUD, clamorous knock at the front door called them below at once.

A hearty old Scotchman stood on the front porch. He was smiting his mittened hands together and stamping the snow from his overshoes. His cheeks were ruddy and his breath came like white vapor.

"It appears to me the homestead's come alive this mornin'—smoke curlin' from the chimney. Are you young folk movin' in?"

"Not today. Won't you take this rocker, Uncle Alec?"

"Don't want to sit down. I'd rather go below and have a good long look at your stoker. I might watch it half an hour, if you don't mind."

"Go right ahead, Uncle Alec," said Hap as he turned good-naturedly back to his conversation with Christy.

"Maybe you'll want a fireplace in this room. Sort of friendly, wouldn't it be, having a fireplace?"

Christy could see dear old Heartha in the glow of a cheery yule log and her heart exulted at the picture. Deftly she hid it from Hap, who suddenly burst out: "Your presence here seems to brighten the very air, Christy and just think, this home is *ours alone—yours and mine.* Sometimes it seems as if this whole, big world holds but *you* and *me.*"

Christy who ordinarily would have responded to these warm, glowing words, seemed actually to shiver. Hap perceived it.

"You aren't cold dear: What's the matter?" he asked with a penetrating look as if trying to probe her inner conscience.

"I've changed my mind, Hap. That's all. This house isn't for me."

Hap drew his lips into a thin, straight line. "What's wrong with you, Christy?"

Her voice lowered to a whisper. "I can't go on."

Hap eyed her closely. Her face looked drained and bleak—utterly colorless—but there was burning

pain in her eyes. Never before had he seen Christy like this—his clear-eyed, trusty pal—the one girl in all the world who had no skill in evasion or lies.

"Is it something I've done, Christy?"

"No." In spite of her outward calm, Christy's throat cramped and her voice was near suffocation. "I can't marry you, Hap. That's all."

Hap's face looked haggard. He cleared his throat roughly. It seemed to him in this emotional crisis that Christy wasn't Christy at all. Another girl stood in her place before him. And this girl was unfeeling, hardened, acutely cruel! Worst of all, there was nothing he could do about it. The silent rage that seized him was gruelling to his nerves.

"I'll take the interurban car back to Cedarville," announced Christy.

MECHANICALLY the two of them made their way back to the little blue roadster by the gate. With chill hands, Hap clutched the wheel and they were off.

At the depot Christy forced back unshed tears and nodded goodbye. Hap replied with a fixed, unseeing stare and a frigid bow.

The train pulled out of Riverbend with its customary stutter of start and stop. Soon it gained its usual rhythm. Hap stood watching until it had disappeared behind "Queen's Bluff"—a cliff of colored stone near the turn of the track.

"Queen's Bluff," he ejaculated ironically as he leaped into his car and banged the door. His reckless driving might have cost him a heavy fine had there been a rush of traffic.

Upon entering the door he stumbled over Christy's valise filled with art material. This gave him pause. He reached down and unlocked it. There was every needful tool and brush in perfect order and readiness for a day of sketching.

"She even denied herself that special treat," said Hap aloud. He was certain that their suffering at parting had been mutual. He sat down and examined the contents of her artfolio. There he found sketches on various themes—a face, a bust, a tree, a distant hill, even a placard bearing a printed quotation, "When half-gods go, the gods arrive."

SOME one was stirring in the basement tinkering with the stoker. Hap listened to big footsteps, and presently Uncle Alec stalked into the room. Uncle Alec could see trouble on Hap's brow and blurted out, "It couldn't by any chance have been a lover's quarrel between you and Christy?"

"We've never quarreled in our lives and we've been seeing each other more than three years," explained Hap.

"Then how come she's gone?"

"As to the reason, Uncle Alec, I'm safe in saying you know as much about it as I do."

Uncle Alec sniffed in a droll, bewildered way as if he might accidentally scent the hidden clue.

"Is it something you might have done, Hap, or is it something you've *failed to do?*"

"I didn't ask. Is there anything I've left undone, Uncle Alec?"

Uncle Alec pondered, cleared his throat as if to speak, then remained silent.

"Out with it! Come on!" urged Hap.

"Well—there's Heartha. Did you have a good heart-to-heart chat with Christy concernin' Heartha?"

"I never mentioned her name. Not even once.

"I thought maybe you would-a mentioned how nice to have a visit from Heartha once in a while. It

would have been handy-like to have said so when you and Christy were lookin' over these rooms together."

At these words there dawned a mysterious awareness in Hap's eyes as he gazed confidently into Uncle Alec's kindly face.

"What do you know about Heartha, Uncle Alec?"

"I only know what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my ears. Wasn't I in the funeral twenty years ago—the double funeral for Christy's parents? Her mother and daddy died within twenty-four hours of one another. I was present at the services.

"Heartha took Christy Clemens, a motherless infant only three weeks old, and did a mother's part by her. You know what my meanin' is when I say she went the second mile. There's a bit of scripture that exhorts one to travel the second mile, do more than's asked. Well, Heartha Wylie went the second mile as a mother. Christy had schoolin', sewin', cookin', music lessons, parties. I bet my bottom dollar she has had more fine clothes in her young life than Heartha's ever owned in all these years."

Hap seemed profoundly touched, meditative, and gravely silent.

"Well, my boy, I guess you've heard enough. It's just another story of Ruth cleavin' to Naomi. Christy can't tear away from Heartha, at least not in one sudden jerk. It's like this, Hap, you're young. You're not a mind-reader. It takes the mellowin' touch of time to be able to discern the inside workin's of a woman's mind. Comes like a gift to some few men."

HAP'S eyes were aglow with a strange illumination. He grabbed up his hat and said, "I'm off, Uncle Alec. I'm going to beat that interurban car into Cedarville."

"It's goin' to be a race, Hap. The train has half an hour the start."

So the glossy, blue roadster went zooming down the lane. It was already eleven o'clock and Hap sped along as if trying to overtake ten-thirty a. m.

The train was due in Cedarville at noon. Hap managed to reach the station a minute and a half before it pulled in. His alert eyes soon caught a glimpse of Christy as she falteringly descended the platform steps.

"Christy!" She looked up and they stood face to face. He grasped her hands and said in low, clear tones, "The sun didn't go into a total eclipse, girlie."

She glanced up into his sparkling blue eyes with a dazed, wondering smile. Gently and quickly he ushered her into the glossy, blue roadster and they soon reached the wee, gray cottage of Heartha Wylie. Here they found the snow-path swept to the door.

Aunt Heartha was seemingly unsurprised to see them. She was accustomed to their various quirks and whims. At the same time they were totally unaware that Uncle Alec had interceded for Hap in a telephone conversation with Heartha—the most lengthy indulgence of the kind he had ever allowed himself.

"Aunt Heartha, will you ride over to Riverbend with Christy and me?" importuned Hap. "We want to show you some improvements on Grandma Worth's old home."

Gallantly, almost tenderly, Hap escorted Aunt Heartha into the little blue roadster. She seemed as bright-eyed as a snowbird ensconced between the two. The white fields were a-glitter stretching to right and left on the highway.

It didn't seem long until they were back at the little homestead. Uncle Alec was still there. He stretched

out warm, welcome hands to Heartha, and kissed Christy's forehead.

Christy hurriedly gathered up the sketches Hap had scattered here and there in the room.

"You'll excuse us, Aunt Heartha, while we carry this case of art material upstairs," said Hap.

"Go right ahead, you two," said Uncle Alec. "I'll take care of Heartha."

"I wonder what's on Uncle Alec's mind?" queried Hap of Christy when they reached the landing.

"Oh," said she, "they're old pals and neighbors. Just glad to see one another. That's all!"

"Aunt Heartha's a dear soul," said Hap warmly. Christy sought his arms and he enfolded her for one long, blissful moment.

"Aunt Heartha will want to see the house," reminded Christy.

They found her and Uncle Alec in the kitchen pouring chocolate and spreading sandwiches. "Oh, I just tucked a whole-wheat loaf and a pat of butter into my satchel," explained Aunt Heartha. "Folks are sure to get hungry."

"Aunt Heartha's a knowin' soul," spoke up Uncle Alec. "And we may as well tell you youngsters out and out—"

"Come now, what's all the hurry?" asked Heartha, looking up quickly into Uncle Alec's face.

"Can't they stand a bit of a shock?" asked Uncle Alec.

"What do you mean?" asked Christy.

"Just one thing. Your Aunt Heartha and I have agreed to set up our own housekeepin' back in my old home in Cedarville."

"You've made up your minds in a hurry!" gasped Christy.

"I'll say so!" rejoined Hap.

"It's all on natural principles," explained good old compromising Uncle Alec. You young folk need to climb the stairs step by step while we of the older generation find it a heap handier to take the elevator."

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

By Edna J. Gardiner

SINCE its inception the Relief Society Magazine has been an organ of spiritual uplift for all Latter-day Saint women. Its advent into the homes each month elevates and promotes a spirit of cooperation and peace. It links members of the various stakes and missions into one united sisterhood.

Containing the subject matter for each week's lessons in Relief Society, it is invaluable as the official guide.

Stories, articles, poems, biography and notes of interest constitute the subject matter found here. Editorials are timely and well chosen.

May we, as members, appreciate this publication and be loyal to the slogan: "The Relief Society Magazine in the home of every member."

The Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

NO. IX—THE GREAT COMPANIONS SPEAK

"Could we give one gift to every child,
We should choose the love of books."
—*William Fredrick Bigelow.**

I REMEMBER once riding for days over almost endless stretches of prairie, and looking anxiously across the space to the far horizon for the appearance of some human being who would give a sense of security to fill the place of that aloneness which takes possession of one in the great out-of-doors.

With the appearance of an occasional car, from whose driver we received the assurance that we were traveling in the right direction, we felt that we had met a friend, and fear vanished in the knowledge that though the distance might be long, we would eventually reach the place we were seeking.

When I became the possessor of a progeny of three growing children, and was learning that no sooner was one problem in some manner solved than another loomed like a mountain before me, I felt the same awe that I had experienced in looking out across that desert space—the fear that we might be on the wrong road. Then it was that I felt with Julia Ward Howe that it is a "delightful but terrible thing to be a mother," I had not yet become adjusted to the fact that with the passing of each stage my children would die and had not yet learned that the "mother of boys and girls must die, too, if the mother of men and women is to be born."

As my family approached adolescence I stood in Chicago before two paintings which depicted the change in the American family in the last one hundred years. "In the first, a young lover is alighting from a carriage to call upon his fiancee. He starts across a velvety sweep of lawn shaded by magnificent elm trees. Beyond rises in dignity a massive brick mansion. With gallant yet humble decorum he advances to speak to those who have come out to greet him—the modest and fluffily dainty young woman, her mother and father of gracious but stately bearing, and the keen-eyed grandmother, zealous guardian of the name and traditions of the family.

"In the modern scene, a very young fellow, incessantly active, starts the honk of his Ford horn echoing insistently down the solidly paved canyon of a street above which rises a massive apartment house. He cranes his neck up toward an open window on the third floor out of which leans a girl smoking a cigarette. Her expression seems to indicate that she 'knows all the answers' already. She gesticulates her answer to him. There need be never a thought of a moment's delay for bidding adieu to her elders, because her parents are already gone to their country club and her stranger-grandmother is keeping a late appointment for a facial and permanent in preparation for tomorrow's

*Courtesy Good Housekeeping Magazine.

departure on the next lap of her perpetual and restless gadding about."*

TO fortify my family against such shallow rootage I appealed to my God of philosophy. He answered my plea with a quotation from the immortal Goethe, "He who is plenteously privided for from within needs little from without."

And so I retreated to my world of books—"noble-minded books, books that lead to contemplation, books that reveal the charm and joy of life." In them I have met helpful companions, often more potent than those we meet in life—the kind of companions who fill me with new hope and energy, make me face more bravely the perplexities of life. I found enshrined in this world of literature great companions who furnish the solution to numberless problems in a time when the family as a social institution seems to be threatened by the noise and bluster and sophistication of the age.

From one Great Companion, Samuel Butler, I learned that fathers and mothers are to be honored, not because of their accidental parentage, but only because they are honorable. I must, then, make myself honorable.

Florence Nightingale reminds me that it is so important for a woman to be a *person*. I must, then, develop opinions of my own.

From the Great Companions of moral education I learn that most of the problems of today are not problems at all but symptoms which must be studied and the remedy applied line upon line, precept upon precept until the troublesome thing is eradicated.

When gritty irritation hangs in the family atmosphere I learn that an essay or a story from one of the Great Companions has the same effect as pouring oil on troubled waters.

If my young son casts admiring glances at a frivolous, giggling, young damsel, I seek consolation in the philosophy of George Eliot when she said that many a man who in youth would have been satisfied with nothing less than a Venus or a Psyche has settled down in middle life with a woman who waddled.

If the boy of my daughter's choice does not please me, I may quote William Penn, "Never marry but for love, but see thou lovest what is lovely."

When spending seems to be their greatest fault, I preach with Benjamin Franklin, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

The tragedies of youth are as real as the tragedy of old age. When the Slough of Despond threatens to engulf them as it did Christian of Pilgrim's Progress fame, I quote, "Life is a lovely thing when our hopes are high, but the secret is to know it lovely and loveworthy when we have no hopes at all."

And if preaching becomes a bore, I relieve the situation by quoting Mark Twain, "It is noble to be good. It is nobler to tell others how to be good—and is so much easier."

There has always been and will continue to be as long as the world lasts, a group of men and women more distinguished than others. They are those who have made use if nature's gifts to them. Many of them belong to the Great Companions and after an hour with them, I return to my practical world and my family singing, "If I could give one gift to every child, it would be a love of books."

Conclusion of Series

*From *The Modern Family and the Church* by Margaret Westcott Wieman. Harper Brothers.

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER SIX

I WAS quite elated over the way my various officers were assuming their responsibilities. So far their outlined plans for the season's work had met with instant approval. It has been my experience that any well thought out plan prepared and presented intelligently by the officers will be happily received by the members. They have confidence in their leaders.

The day of her first lesson, Mrs. Horne, the Sociology class leader, came before the class with a map. On it was indicated with pictures the sections where the principal industries of men are carried on. She had drawn it herself and had tacked it to a piece of beaver-board so it could be moved in and out easily. She began her lesson by telling this incident:

"My neighbor raises the most beautiful zinnias and asters. They have taken many prizes and every woman in the neighborhood is envious of her success. I was determined this last spring to get some of her plants so I, too, might have some lovely flowers this fall. I got some and set them out around a circular plot of lawn.

"Imagine my disappointment when they turned out to be sickly, spindly plants with few blossoms, while my neighbor's blossoms again took first prize at the fair. What do you suppose was wrong?"

I could see a smile come over the face of a woman in the audience. She raised her hand.

"If I remember rightly you planted your flowers and then forgot them for a month. Beyond watering them every two or three days you left them to shift for themselves. The one who gave you the plants worked with hers at least two hours each day."

Everyone laughed and Mrs. Horne added, "Yes. The way I raise flowers is a joke in the neighborhood. From lack of care my flowers showed very little of the possibilities contained in the parent plant." Then leaving the subject she asked abruptly, "Now, someone tell me what sociology is."

When someone answered it was the study of human relationships she turned to the map. At approximately the place in the state where we were she drew a large circle and within it wrote some names.

"Here is where the Perkins family live. We shall have them with us all winter so I want you to know them. They are: grandfather; father and mother; John, age 24; Rufus, age 21; Francis, 19; and two little ones, Wesley, 10, and Agnes, 6. Grandfather Perkins came into this country when it was new and took up a homestead. Later he sold his farm and he and the father went into business in town. But now we have Rufus and John coming on. The business is not large enough to absorb them and they cannot take up a homestead. Then there are the two little ones. They haven't a farm to wander over nor chores to do, so what about them? Where are they going to play? What schools will be open to them—what chance to learn a trade or profession?"

She was a skillful questioner and by her questions tied up the lives of the Perkins family with our past lessons on Diminishing Resources.

Drift to the Cities, Housing, Communication, etc., until the class had heard a very comprehensive review of the past two years' work and knew how each lesson affected the lives of the Perkins. She took the entire class period for it and left them anxious to know what the future promised for the family. I have never seen greater interest exhibited in any subject. It promised well for the season's work.

But while the discussion was going on my mind lingered over the story of the flowers. Why should human plants be stunted in their growth because of lack of cultivation? When the class period was over I arose and expressed some such thoughts. Then I said:

"In our ward is a family who comes from strong sturdy parent stock, but who need their environment enriched to promote better growth. Their soil isn't conducive to good development. I am wondering if we couldn't add a few things to enrich the soil and make their chance of development much more sure." I was careful to keep my description impersonal.

Within a week I had a complete set of clothes for the family to wear for best. I had three good beds, some reputable bedding and six chairs. Mrs. Holsinger gave an old leather davenport that was sturdy enough to withstand the hard usage it would receive. Some of these things had come from the bishop, some from our cupboard and some from the women. Then, as if providence were helping us, Mrs. Holman became ill and had to go to the hospital for a few days. That gave me a needed excuse.

Bishop had found a part-time job for Mr. Holman so I sent the Peters, husband and wife, to the Holman home to clean up. The Peters were settled in a small house nearby. After a few pushes and pulls and half-threats the big farmer had come to life. Now he attacked his neighbor's home with determination. He painted and calcimined and repaired. Mrs. Peters washed and scrubbed. The large back room was made habitable. The good furniture was exchanged for the old. It was a clean habitable home to which Mrs. Holman returned. It gave the Peters groceries but the effect on the family helped was negligible though their gratitude was unbounded. The habits of years were too inflexible. Mrs. Peters helped her for a few days and for a few more she kept up the appearance but not being well she had an excuse for slipping back into her old ways.

ONE evening when Tim was working I decided to go to the store and walk home with him. I had been studying and felt that a walk in the open would do me good. I peeked in at the children. They were all sleeping soundly. They would be all right for fifteen or twenty minutes. I locked the door after me and walked swiftly down the street.

It was a dark night but crisply cool and invited swift walking, and I was happy. My work was going well. People were beginning to forget the fact that I was a *young* president. My home problems were fading away. Tim had been home with me more than usual and I had so many things for which to be thankful.

I had covered three of the four blocks when I became aware of people ahead of me, a boy and a girl, and they were walking close together. I could hear the excited pitch of the girl's voice but could catch no words. They were quarreling. Not wishing to embarrass them I turned to cross the street and thus avoid passing them. As I turned I was

quite near and heard the girl say,

"You just try it, Don Grow. If you marry her—," the rest was lost as I crossed the street. That had been Nedra Williams. There was no doubt as to whom she meant by "her." I found my thoughts leaping here and there, accepting and rejecting possibilities.

Was it right to let Salle go ahead and marry him? Was it any business of mine? Should I tell her what I had heard? After all just what had I heard? Nothing that would stand repeating. I could tell her my suspicions but did she not know the situation better than I? Salle was not dumb and she was going into this marriage with her eyes open. I would ask Tim. He had a supply of common sense that was refreshing.

The last few yards I almost ran. I went to the side door that he used. It was locked. That was not unusual. He would not leave it open. Skipping around to the front I looked in. There was a dim light burning but only the one that is always left on at nights. I rattled the door but there was no response.

I turned away. Could I have missed him? It was possible but not probable. There was nothing to do but go home. Suddenly the joy of the night was gone. Problems gathered thick about me in the dark. It was cold and from every side things leered at me. I passed a boy and girl lingering by a tree on the corner and was opposite them before I realized they were the ones I had passed before. Only now he had his arm around her and they were murmuring in low tones.

I was nearly to the street light on the last corner when quick steps sounded beside me and a dearly familiar voice demanded:

"What are you doing out alone this time of night again, Young Lady?"

"Tim. I wanted to walk home with you. I thought you were working at the store."

"I have been."

"But you weren't there."

"I left the store more than half an hour ago."

There was an edge of caution to his words that aroused my anger. Wasn't I his wife? Why shouldn't I know where he had been?

"Where were you?" Tact and confidence were swept away before the suspicion that entered my heart. Perhaps the couple on the corner had something to do with it. I had to know where he had been, what he had been doing.

"I'm not at liberty to tell."

"Why? Why should you be doing something you cannot tell me about? I have a right to know."

"Don't be demanding, Dona. There are things come up in your work that will not bear repeating. This is one of those things."

"Oh." It was not until later that the unreasonableness of my attitude struck me it its full light. Just then I couldn't sense anything except that our confidence was broken by terribly secret things. Only one fact stood out from the evening's happenings that brought joy. Salle had not yet married Don. Perhaps now she never would.

(To be Continued)

Women We Should Know

Agnes Lovendahl Stewart---Master of Arts—Business Woman

By Ramona W. Cannon

AGNES LOVENDAHL STEWART is more interested in talking about modern girls and their opportunities in business than in talking about herself. Yet her own achievements are outstanding. She is regarded as one of the leading figures among women in business in the West.

Both her talents and her experience have been unusually diverse, and the advice she gives to others to work at whatever offers, for the sake of development, she has always taken herself. She spent three years teaching in the Church schools, took a Master of Arts degree at Columbia University, and on the side did all the work that institution offered in journalism. She wrote her thesis for graduation on the subject, "Mormons in Literature." She gave up teaching to take a position in Gillam's Advertising Agency as a stenographer because she wanted to enter the field of business. A year later she began to write advertising copy. She went to Auerbach's department store as assistant in the advertising department, and now as Sales Promotion Manager, she is familiar with the buying, personnel work, fashion shows, window displays, interior displays, and many other lines. She can handle this important position only because she has developed herself highly in the various phases of merchandising.

Personality and temperament have been important in her success. Common sense, sympathetic human understanding, a sense of justice, reliability, are outstanding traits of Mrs. Stewart. She has dignity with humor, and efficiency with polish. Her intellect, swift and true, allows of no wasting of precious moments. Through her power of self-discipline, her many qualities are blended into an harmonious, well-poised personality, prepared to meet any kind of situation intelligently.

PERHAPS one reason Mrs. Stewart loves to discuss the opportunities that are open to young girls today is because she has two young daughters who will, before very many years, be branching out into careers of their own. Mrs. Stewart, through her work comes in contact with the many fields of activity in which women have, of recent years, become successful.

"In just the few years since I graduated from college, women have made strides that are simply amazing—and if you go back in history less than one hundred and fifty years to the start of the factory system when women first began going out of the home and into the business world, you will find that the progress has been nothing short of miraculous," is Mrs. Stewart's enthusiastic comment.

"Can you believe that just about a hundred years ago—in the decade between 1830 and 1840—women and little girls worked in the textile factories of New England from twelve to fifteen hours a day, six days a week, and for this heavy labor received the magnificent sum of $1.50 a week! Not only have conditions greatly changed, but now women may use their abilities in many more occupations," she adds.

"In the retail field, with which I am most familiar, she can achieve success in selling, in buying, in executive management, in personnel work, in advertising, display, or sales promotion work, in merchandising, or in office work—such a variety in this one single field, that it offers opportunity for many types of personalities, and many different kinds of ability."

THAT woman should achieve success in retail business seems a very natural development. Since she has always been the one to do the shopping for the family—buying, so experts estimate, more than 80 per cent of the family's purchases—it is natural for her to know what kind of sheets, blankets, draperies, bedspreads, pots and pans, dresses and hats, that women want. It is natural, too, that she should help to plan, design, and make these things and many others that women use in their homes and for their families.

In colonial times in New England, and in pioneer times in our own western states, every home was a little factory, where the things the family needed were manufactured by the mother, with the help of her daughters. Little by little these activities, which kept a woman's day so full of happy work, were taken over by machinery in the factories outside the home, or were done more quickly and easily by machinery in the home. So, when women go out into business and industry today, they are just continuing the "women's work" that their great-great-great-grandmothers did in their homes before the days of machinery. The only difference is that now women do this work in a different environment and in a more specialized way.

"HOW can a girl prepare herself for a career in business?" is one of the questions Mrs. Stewart is most frequently asked.

"By getting the best education she can possibly secure, by taking part in school and church activities, and by working whenever she gets the chance," is Mrs. Stewart's answer, based on her own experience.

From 1914 to 1917, when Agnes Lovendahl was just "one of the girls" at the U. of U., she was partially earning her own way by working as a telephone operator at the University switchboard, and selling behind the counter in various stores on Saturdays and during vacations. At one time or another, she has sold almost every type of merchandise a department store carries, and she has also had "behind the scenes work" unpacking china from its barrels of straw, and wrapping bundles. She recalls with a chuckle that the hardest problem she ever had to face in the retail business was figuring out how to wrap a broom, a dishpan and a set of glassware during a rush sale, while an impatient customer fidgeted.

During her college days she also found time to work on the University Chronicle, the Utonian, and the Pen, because she loved to write and to draw pictures. She also enjoyed working in Sunday School and Mutual, and writing for the Church magazines.

"I think I was most fortunate in having to work while I was attending school because I am now sure that the varied experiences I gained in that way have been the most valuable preparation I could possibly have had for my present job. I believe it was just as important to me as the formal education I obtained in school," is Mrs. Stewart's comment.

She added that she would advise every girl to take part in school ac-

tivities, in church and ward activities, and to work during her school vacations if her health and energy permit. These experiences are most valuable in developing a well-rounded personality.

"GIRLS of today have great opportunities open to them, and each opportunity is a challenge to the best they have to offer," continues Mrs. Stewart. "Not very long ago, there were only a few professions considered proper and fitting for a girl."

How different now! If a girl scribbles cartoons all over her school textbooks, and goes into raptures over the colors of a sunset, she'll probably never be happy unless she is giving expression in some creative way to her artistic bent. So she can become a fashion artist, and draw the luscious pictures of glamorous ladies wearing gowns and furs so superbly that every woman who reads the newspaper or magazine in which the sketch appears, immediately is consumed with the desire to look like that—or at least to own the clothes that the glamorous lady wears! The things her clever fingers can portray for advertisements are legion: amusing children, teen-age and college fashions, still-life studies of smart accessories. Some women with a talent for art become illustrators for books or magazines. Others with artistic talent combined with a flair for clothes become designers of dresses, underwear, coats, or children's frocks. When they are successful, as a very great many of them are, they command very high salaries indeed. Some, with a more exotic trend, become designers for the stage or screen, while others design patterns for fabrics, styles for furniture. One high-salaried woman employed by a large mail order firm, does nothing but design packages in which their products are to appear, and as a side-line she has stream-lined their refrigerators, ranges and washing machines.

"There are so many opportunities for the use of a talent for drawing or painting that it would take hours to name them all!" says Mrs. Stewart.

For the girl who has literary talent, there opens up the entire field of advertising. This is a very big field, and a very attractive one from the point of view of the absorbing interest its many and varied subjects have. To work in advertising is a college education in itself, because if you must study the manufacture of aluminum the first hour of your day, in order to write appealingly about the new utensils for waterless cooking, during the second hour you are quite as likely to be digging into the details of the latest Paris fashion openings. No wonder advertising is a fascinating job for the girl who likes to write!

For the girl with radiant enthusiasm, who talks well, who likes people, who has boundless energy, there opens up a splendid career in selling merchandise—a career that is full of romance and delight, and that has a real future if one is willing to work.

For the girl who is a keen judge of values, who weighs and compares, who is interested in textiles and materials, in how things are made, who has a fine sense of style, and who at the same time works well with other people, can sell with enthusiasm, and has a good mind for statistics—for this girl there is the possibility of a career as a buyer in a department store or specialty shop. It's a big order, to have so many diverse qualifications, but it is a big job, too, with big rewards! Quite aside from the financial rewards—and a buyer's job

is one with an excellent salary—there are other rewards that also attract. Buyers for important fashion departments make frequent trips to the markets in California, Chicago and New York. Buyers for some of the larger stores and syndicates make buying trips to Europe, although of late years these have become more rare. The buying job is a challenging, fascinating one, for the girl who is willing to accept responsibility.

For the girl who is interested in people, who is kindly, human and understanding, who is a natural born teacher, there is a splendid field in personnel work in retail business. A Personnel Director has many duties: teaching fashion facts, and merchandise information to salespeople; welcoming new employees to the organization, giving them training in system so that they can work efficiently; helping the co-workers in any problem or difficulty; planning and carrying out the details of various activities of the organization, such as parties and outings.

For the girl with a keen sense of fashion, who instinctively knows what goes with what, and who can accurately judge what the women will want to wear next spring or next fall—for such a girl, if she has also an infinite abundance of tact and good nature, there is an opportunity to work as fashion co-ordinator. Sometimes this involves also the presentation of fashion shows, and the giving of radio talks on the store's merchandise, in which case she should have a pleasing voice, and enthusiasm for her subject so great that it fairly bubbles over and spreads contagiously to her audience.

"Retail business offers almost boundless opportunities to girls with many different aptitudes and desires," says Mrs. Stewart.

"CONSIDER for a moment, a few women who have been outstandingly successful: Mrs. Hortense Odlum has done a wonderful job as president of Bonwit Teller's in New York, and has become nationally recognized for her leadership in that fine store. Her career is doubly interesting to us because she is a Utah girl from a pioneer family of southern Utah. Another successful woman in retailing is Mary Lewis, recently resigned as vice-president of Best & Co. of New York, who earned in that position more than $53,000 a year. Think of Margaret McBride, radio commentator, whose salary is $52,000 a year. Consider also Miss Tobe, fashion prognosticator par excellence, who reports fashion news for smart stores throughout the country, and whose income is in the very high brackets! Shouldn't such records encourage girls starting on their careers today?"

But of course the top looks a long, long distance away when one is just beginning.

"I know by heart what every girl says," comments Mrs. Stewart. "She cries with great despair, 'Every employment manager asks what experience I have had, and when I say I haven't had any, he says there isn't any opening! How can I get experience if nobody will give me a job?' That is the first big hurdle the beginner has to meet!"

Mrs. Stewart has gained in her business experience a few bits of wisdom which she passes on to the beginner in the following *Do's* and *Don't's*:

"Get the best education you can afford—both general cultural education and also vocational training for the job you want.

"Keep on studying after you get

out of school—your education has just begun when you graduate!

"Be thoroughly prepared for the work you want to do—not just half-baked. If you want a job as stenographer, be sure your shorthand and typing are excellent—not just passable. In any job be sure your preparation is sound and thorough as far as you can get it in school.

"Don't get discouraged at the first refusal—come back again and again and again!

"Be well groomed when you make your application — remember you must make a good impression in the first ten seconds.

"Know exactly what you are going to say when you apply for a job—it doesn't hurt to write down all your good points and memorize them. It's a good idea, too, to practice what you're going to say—you won't be so likely to forget in your nervousness later before the interviewer.

"Remember that no matter how much education you have had, you will still have to start at the bottom and work your way up. The education should help you to rise more rapidly, but it isn't an Open Sesame to the big jobs—you still have to go through the apprenticeship period, gaining the knowledge that only experience can give.

"Take whatever job is offered, even if it isn't exactly the job you had hoped to get—it will still give you the right to use the magic phrase which is so important: *I Have Had Experience!*

"When you get an interview with a prospective employer remember the following points: Don't slump or slouch—sit erect but at ease; don't fidget with your handkerchief or tap your fingers on the arm of your chair—sit quietly no matter how painful it is; look at the employer when he asks questions and when you answer them; walk briskly — many an applicant has lost the chance of a job because her walk was listless or tired.

"Most important of all, remember that in getting or keeping a job, one of the most effective words in the English language is SMILE!

"And after you get a job," continued Mrs. Stewart, "it is important to do it every day to the best of your ability, studying all the while, so that when a vacancy occurs above you, you are ready and prepared to move up a step. Employers will give opportunity for advancement to those within their organization who have the ability, knowledge and ambition to progress."

MRS. STEWART'S own career has demonstrated this fact, for the Auerbach Company has given her opportunity to advance from the position of assistant in the advertising department, to the position of Sales Promotion Manager, which involves supervision of newspaper, radio and direct mail advertising, window and interior displays, and other activities connected with selling.

Although she is very keenly interested in the many fascinating phases of her job, she finds the greatest delight of her life in her home, and in the two daughters who are adored by Mrs. Stewart and her husband, Robert Stewart. "There has been no loss of affection in our home because of my business activities," says Mrs. Stewart. "I am more alive, because my work keeps me alert and interested in everything." Her greatest ambition is to be a worthy friend and companion to her daughters, and her greatest hope is to be able to give them the educational opportunities that will enable them to live their lives fully and completely, realizing their greatest possibilities for mental development and spiritual service.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SEPTEMBER—Take one's work seriously no matter what the field. It is one step toward success.

A COMMENDABLE enterprise is the County Woman's Market, situated on the outskirts of Washington in Maryland. The farm women own and run this market as an avenue to dispose of the products of their farms. Each woman has her own stall and dispenses her fresh fruits, vegetables, dairy and poultry products or fresh bread, cakes, pies or whatever her special fancy may be.

The market is popular with Washington ladies, who quite informally drive out to replenish their larders with choice viands each Wednesday and Saturday.

MARIE of Rumania is dead. Noted for her beauty, her wit, and queenly grace; with the wisdom of the statesman she controlled the destiny of Rumania and other principalities of Southern Europe for generations.

MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN, daring unconquered queen of the world's tennis courts, died last July in Paris, France. She was champion in the Olympic games at Antwerp and in the tournaments at Wimbledon.

DR. ELZADA CLOVER and Lois Jotter, Michigan University botanists, women members of the expedition that rowed the Colorado River from Green River in Utah through the gorges of the Grand Canyon, gathered over 300 rare plant specimens during their thrilling experience. No other women have ever made this trip.

MRS. VERA S. KING, wife of Utah's senior Senator, according to an article in the "Washington Star," possesses unusual charm and decided literary taste. She is founder of a club called "The Seven Arts" and has a novel ready for publication.

LILY PONS, Metropolitan opera star, scored a triumph almost equal to the great Jenny Lind in her recent tour of South American cities. In Buenos Aires the city took on the aspect of a national holiday.

MARGARET ARMSTRONG'S latest contribution to literature is "Fanny Kemble, A Passionate Victorian". This biography is more colorful than any work of fiction. It is a brilliant scintilating portrait of a fascinating and great woman. In the book are also passages of other Kembles of who Thackeray's daughter Anne wrote, "The Kembles strike one somehow as a race apart."

ELIZABETH BANKS died recently in London. Her book, "The Almighty Dollar," is said to have caused a change in presenting Americans at court.

PHYLLIS CRAWFORD with her book, "Hello the Boat," won the Julia Ellsworth $3,000 award for the best children's book of the year.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

East German Mission

IDA D. Rees, Relief Society President of the East German Mission, writes a very delightful account of the organization over which she presides. The picture below is of a bazaar held by one of the branch organizations in the mission. There are only twenty members of the Church in this branch and fourteen of these are enrolled in Relief Society.

BRANCH BAZAAR, EAST GERMAN MISSION

The bazaar was called to the attention of all Saints through effective advertising methods and everyone helped to make it successful. No admission was charged but attractive articles as well as refreshments were sold. A splendid program consisting of vocal and instrumental music, appropriate readings and addresses was presented. An enviable attendance record of 193 persons was made. The fourteen enrolled Relief Society members look upon those who were in attendance as potential members of the Church to be cultivated and encouraged until they too see the light.

The zeal and well directed enthusiasm of the sisters who made this occasion a memorable one is an inspiration to all.

Czechoslovak Mission

THE accompanying picture is of the Prague Branch Relief Society on the occasion of the visit of Sister Amy Brown Lyman, President of the European Mission Relief Societies. Sister Martha S. Toronto, Relief Society President of the

Czechoslovak Mission, writes that from May 2 to 4 the Relief Societies of the mission held some very interesting meetings with Sister Lyman.

Sister Lyman reminded the sisters of the important part women play in the world and spoke of the advantages which have come to Latter-day Saint women through the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. She called attention to the fine lesson program and other activities of the Relief Society which provide opportunity for self-expression and learning along many practical lines which enable women to be more efficient in the discharge of their duties.

President Lyman told the women of the fine organization of Relief Society the world over and the blessing it is to women. Though women face many discouraging situations, with the faith and courage which comes from a knowledge of the Gospel they can more adequately cope with life.

A conference was held at Brno at which all the missionaries were in attendance. During the afternoon a visit was made to Mendel's garden. In this little garden Mendel, a Catholic Priest, worked for twenty years to develop his theory on the law of heredity. The garden is most interesting and the instruments and books which have been preserved are of great educational value.

On the return to Prague the Machocha Caverns were visited. These are enormous caverns of stalagmite formations similar to our Timpanogos Cave. The country in this neighborhood strongly suggests the Rocky Mountains.

PRAGUE BRANCH, CZECHOSLOVAK MISSION

In Prague a visit was made to the Masaryk Social Homes. The director of the social work in Prague conducted the party through the homes. The homes were especially interesting to President Lyman because of her long connection with social welfare work.

The Saints of the mission felt greatly benefited in having had the inspirational presence and instructions of President Lyman.

Central States Mission

AN account of an entertainment held in the Kansas City Branch of the Central States Mission is an excellent indication of the extent of Anniversary Day celebrations. The sisters of the Kansas City Relief Society Branch acted as hostesses to the sisters of the Independence Branch. A one-act play entitled "An Interesting Shut-In" was successfully presented and luncheon followed. There were fifty-two members in attendance at this gathering.

Tahitian Mission

UPON her return from the Tahitian Mission Sister Maude Woodbury submitted the following tribute:

"Would I had the privilege to transport my sisters in Zion for just a short while to the beautiful Isle of Tahiti where I have been favored to labor for eleven short months among the reverent mothers of the dark race.

"They love the missionary boys, the earnest sons of the white women, sent to preach the Gospel to them. Willingly do they deprive themselves of the finest foods to give to their visitors who are not accustomed to the native foods. They scrub and bathe the entire family that they may enter the house of the Lord clean in body. The pealing of the bell one-half hour before service often finds them gathered in groups on the steps or in the hall with hats reverently removed waiting to enter the church. There is no disturbance of talking or loud laughter, but great reverence for the house dedicated to our Savior for true worship. As the hymn is announced, rapt attention follows as it is softly played. At a given signal the song bursts forth in full harmony. The sonorous voices of these Saints fill the chapel, as praises from a worshipful gathering ascend to the Father in sweet cadence.

"They have their beloved Bible and their revered Book of Mormon. What finer gems do they need out of which to learn the truths of the Gospel.

"Your sons should return home stabilized, thankful that the Lord called them to labor in a land of dazzling sunshine, of indescribable beauty of nature, among a self-sacrificing, warm-hearted people."

Southern States Mission

SISTER Ann Clayson, President of the Southern States Mission Relief Societies, gives a most interesting report of the activity of Relief Society in the mission. Particular attention has been given to diet and instruction in cooking and in preparation of green vegetables. Excellent food charts have been obtained from the Child Welfare League of America, also helpful information from the *Consumers' Problems*. Sister Clayson also obtained circulars on correct diet and food preparation from the State Department of Georgia.

The following picture is of the Augusta Branch during a supper. The following is a quotation from a letter and is indicative of what is being accomplished: "We enjoyed our cooking lessons and appreciated the invitation. We met at the home of one of our members and cooked our dinner. We were surprised to learn how delicious vegetables can be when prepared in the manner you have indicated. The vegetable dinner proved to be a real banquet and everyone enjoyed it immensely. There were twenty-five persons

present. Everyone approves of the steps we are taking in this direction."

From the Columbia Branch in the South Carolina District another fine report comes. On the evening of March 17 in the Columbia Branch church the sisters gathered in the amusement hall where a fine demonstration of home cooking was given. The county cooking agent was present in response to an invitation from the local officers. After the demonstration was over games were enjoyed by the sisters and their husbands. This was followed by serving of natural foods prepared solely by the Relief Society sisters. The demonstration was to show that a meal can be prepared with natural foods and very little fat. The demonstrator said that if every woman would plant at least a row or two of leafy vegetables using their waste spaces for planting, there would be very little suffering during a depression. She encouraged the sisters to plant just as many vegetables as they possibly could. On the whole, both the planting of vegetables and their use and proper cooking has been a very worthy project throughout the entire mission.

AUGUSTA BRANCH, SOUTHERN STATES MISSION

Northwestern States Mission

FROM Sister Ann Nibley, President of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society, comes the following:

"The Relief Society work in the Northwestern States Mission has made rapid progress. During 1937 the mission was divided into seven districts as follows: Portland, Seattle, Yakima, Spokane, Great Falls, Missoula, and Butte. In each of these districts a Church organization similar to a stake organization was perfected and in each of the districts a Relief Society Board was organized.

"These boards have labored diligently to build up the branch organizations under their supervision. They have tended to unify the various societies and to standardize the work, and a new impetus has been given Relief Society work in the

mission. The enrollment has increased and seventeen new societies have been established, making in all fifty-seven organizations, with a membership of 1,307.

"On Sunday, June 26, the Portland District was organized into a Stake by President David O. McKay and Elder Melvin J. Ballard. Sister Birdie Bean, President of the Relief Society Board in the Portland District was retained with her entire board in the new Stake."

Sunday, July 31, the Seattle District was organized into a Stake by President Heber J. Grant and Elder Melvin J. Ballard. Sister May W. Milligan was chosen to preside over the Relief Society in this Stake.

These sisters have been very efficient in their work and we congratulate these new stake presidencies.

The work of sister Ann Parkinson Nibley as Relief Society Mission President is deserving of commendation. Working constantly for the advancement of this organization she has proven herself a woman of vision and understanding. We extend our best wishes to her in the work she is doing in the mission and also to these new Stake Boards as they assume their duties, feeling certain that the work will be carried forward with honor and credit.

THEOLOGY REFERENCE BOOKS

THE list of reference books published at the beginning of each Theology lesson recognizes the sources drawn upon in the preparation of the lesson. It is not required that all books be purchased by the stakes or wards.

The essential truths for the development of the spiritual messages of the lessons are contained in the Magazine and in our Church books. However, if class leaders have access to the references through libraries or seminaries, they will find them of value. Reading the context throws light upon the meaning of the quotations used. Any of these books would make a valuable addition to Relief Society libraries. If restricted to the purchase of but one book, "THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE," by A. B. Bruce ($1.00) is recommended. This book is of special value to class leaders and could be read with profit by Relief Society members.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editorials

Living Standards

EVERY individual has a criteria which he sets up for himself as the satisfactory mode of living—his living standards. Many influences play upon the individual and have voice in the determination of standards. Early life patterns, education, financial status, social contacts, religion, all are of moment in establishing the grade or level of excellence or advancement which the individual finds right or fitting. When standards are high we have a superior and most desirable individual while we find inferiority to the degree that standards become lax.

Often during periods of industrial depression, of war, of epidemic, or other abnormal pressure, standards that have been established laboriously are not only battered down by the stress of the time but remain down long after the occasion has passed. This is owing in part to the tendency to carry over into ordinary times, habits created by the emergent period. Not only should those things which elevate standards be cultivated but constant caution must be exercised lest a slow but general lowering of standards occur.

Individual and community life are so inter-dependent that we find individual standards affecting community life, while on the other hand, community standards have a direct influence upon individuals. When inclined to be lax or when once started downward standards lower with marked rapidity whereas their lifting is a slow and tedious process. Community standards are best lifted through elevating those of the individual. One or two leaders upholding high standards of thrift, industry, sanitation, cultural pursuits, etc., may elevate an entire group.

To grow to the "measure of the

stature of the fullness of Christ" is the possibility of mankind. In order that man might attain this measure of perfection the Gospel plan has been restored in its fullness. Our leaders from the beginning have interpreted the Gospel for us in terms of everyday behavior, making clear those standards by which we should order our lives. Acceptance of the Gospel should be reflected in the superior living standards of every Latter-day Saint. The Latter-day Saint should be honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, doing good to all mankind. He should be thrifty, industrious; his home should be clean and attractive; his surroundings inviting; his tastes cultured. To the degree that he fails in these things he fails as a Latter-day Saint. The Latter-day Saint community should be a model community. Health, sanitation, beautification, educational and recreational activities, all should impress with their superiority.

Latter-day Saint standards are recognized and respected throughout the world because they embody those virtues which make for the highest type of individual and community life. The Lord has said, "Where much is given much is expected." This is true—the world rightly expects much of the Latter-day Saints.

We are living in an age when through easy means of transportation and communication men are very close to one another. This is an age when men are more or less open minded, seeking after those things which contribute to satisfying living. Observing the fruits of the Gospel in men and women of high standards, in communities clean, wholesome, attractive and law abiding, they may well pause and say, *Let us seek after these things.*

New Stakes Organized

LATTER-DAY SAINTS have cause to rejoice in the growth and strength of the Church. Two new stakes have recently been created in sections of the territory formerly presided over by President Preston Nibley of the Northwestern States Mission.

Under the direction of President David O. McKay and Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve, the Portland Stake of Portland, Oregon, was organized June 26, 1938, with Elder M. L. Bean as Stake President.

The Seattle Stake of Seattle, Washington, was organized Sunday, July 31, by President Heber J. Grant and Elder Melvin J. Ballard, with Alexander Brown as Stake President.

The Relief Society in this territory has been presided over by Sister Ann Parkinson Nibley as Relief Society Mission President. The women whom she has directed are well fitted to assume positions of leadership in the newly created stakes. Sister Birdie L. Bean has been chosen as President of the Portland Stake, and Sister May W. Milligan, President of the Seattle Stake.

The General Board extend to these new stakes their best wishes. Confident that the Relief Society organization will continue to grow in this section we extend our sincere cooperation to the Relief Society officers in the part which is theirs to play in expanding the work of the Church.

Amy Brown Lyman

WORD has been received of the early return of Sister Amy Brown Lyman, First Counselor in the Relief Society General Presidency. Sister Lyman has for the past two years presided over the Relief Society organizaitons of the European Mission. Her work in the Mission has been characterized by thoroughness and efficiency. The benefits of her many years of experience in Relief Society have been extended to our Latter-day Saint sisters in these far-away countries and have added to the strength of the Relief Society organizations.

We are happy to welcome Sister Lyman home.

Harrison R. Merrill

THE untimely death of Professor Harrison R. Merrill came as a shock to a host of friends and admirers. Enjoying a wide range of acquaintance through his many activities and versatile talents his passing is profoundly regretted. His remarkable abilities, his friendly personality, his generosity in sharing without reservation have made him of inestimable value to the many worthy causes with which he has been associated.

A devoted Latter-day Saint, Professor Merrill interpreted his religion as a "way of life." Reveling in the goodness and the beauty of the world about him he imbued others with a love of life. A poem composed by Brother Merrill and published in the August, 1928 *Relief Society Magazine* expresses his philosophy:

LET THIS BE HEAVEN

Oh, God, let this be heaven—
I do not ask for golden streets,
Or long for jasper walls,
Nor do I sigh for pearly shores
Where twilight never falls;
Just leave me here beside these peaks,
In this rough western land,
I love this dear old world of Thine—
Oh, God, you understand.

Dear God, let this be heaven—
I do not crave white, stainless robes,
I'll keep these marked by toil;
Instead of straight and narrow walks
I love trails soft with soil;
I have been healed by crystal streams,
But these from snow-crowned peaks
Where dawn burns incense to the day
And paints the sky in streaks.

Dear God, let this be heaven—
I do not ask for angel wings.
Just leave that old peak there
And let me climb 'til comes the night—
I want no golden stair.
Then, when I say my last adieu
And all farewells are given
Just leave my spirit here somewhere—
Oh, God, let this be heaven.

Richly endowed with native ability Brother Merrill trained and cultivated his native endowments, then spent them lavishly for the good of mankind. The Relief Society has immeasurably benefited. His contributions to the Relief Society Magazine, to Conference programs, his counsel in planning Literary courses of study, the excellent Literary lessons which he has written as well as the personal association with him have been distinct factors in the success of our work. Writer of the 1938-39 Literary lessons, "The Advance of the Novel," his influence will be continued in Relief Society meetings throughout the Church. Truly the line from the above poem, "Just leave my spirit here somewhere—" will know fulfillment.

Sister Edna Merrill, like her husband, has given generously to Relief Society. She is at present President

of the Fifth Ward of Provo, Utah.

We extend to Sister Merrill and family sincere appreciation for the part this family has had in the advancement of Relief Society work and invoke the blessings of a kind Heavenly Father upon them in their hour of sorrow.

Early Day Minutes

(Santaquin, Utah—June 30, 1878)

THE following minutes taken from the Santaquin Relief Society records under date of June 30, 1878, were read at the President's Banquet recently held in Payson, Utah. The minutes are of interest, bearing evidence of the spirit of our early-day leaders and the clearly defined purposes of the organization in its beginning.

"Minutes of a Special Relief Society Meeting called by Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young, June 30, 1878, in Santaquin, Utah.

"Sister Snow spoke and said she came for the purpose of instructing the Relief Society. She said Relief Society was not organized solely for relief of poor, but to save souls and to help bishops in their work of salvation. She said there could not be a true Church without the Relief Society organization, that she had heard Brother Joseph Smith say so. Husbands cannot save us; our salvation depends upon our own exertions. Therefore we should honor our calling, living the life of a true saint. She said we need not be afraid of doing too much or getting ahead of the brethren and if we did, let them hurry up. A woman who always stays at home is not happy, nor can she make her family happy; she is apt to become a fault finder. Relief Society is to promote home industry and to make the people self-sustaining. The people were advised to save grain and to raise beans.

"Mothers were advised to keep their daughters at home and to watch them, not letting them go away to work. The sisters were advised to be faithful to their duties and to keep God's commandments.

"Sister Zina D. H. Young spoke, bearing her testimony to what Sister Snow had said, stating that everything that was necessary for our salvation was in the Gospel, both temporal and spiritual. 'No one can teach a woman how to rear her children but God,' she stated.

"Mothers must rear the captains of the earth, therefore we should exercise care, study the diets of our families, make our own dainties. We should raise our own silk and be self-sustaining. We can make ourselves the elect if we keep the commandments of God.

"Sister Snow again rose to her feet and spoke regarding the right use of our talents.

"The meeting was dismissed by Brother Stickney. The minds of all present had been impressed with the spirit of God, with a sense of their duties both to God and man."

"The cost of alcohol in human life far exceeds that of war, and the victims of alcoholism do not die out, they drag miserably through a sick life, and transmit their decay to following generations."—*Professor T. G. Masaryk.* (*First President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia.*)

Music Department

CHOOSING THE CHORISTER

By Wade N. Stephens
Acting Conductor of the Singing Mothers

IN any musical group, the conductor's ability, not that of the members, determines the excellence of the performance. A fine conductor must have all the abilities of a business executive, an army officer, or the president of an organization. Most important of all she must have a thorough knowledge of music and of the art of singing. Such a combination of talents is of course very rare, and we usually have to be satisfied with somewhat less. But here are a few of the things the Relief Society president should look for when she chooses a chorister.

First of all, the chorister should be a trained musician—not necessarily a professional musician, although these are best—one who has studied music of some sort for a number of years. It is a surprise to the non-musician to hear that the best chorister is not always a singer, but often an instrumentalist. This is due to the fact than an instrumentalist is studying music, while a singer is learning to produce a beautiful tone. Often a singer can turn out a better toned chorus, but has not always the musical education necessary to read and comprehend six lines of music at once, and therefore cannot teach the chorus to sing with musical taste. An instrumentalist more often has musical taste, but might not be as good in tonal problems. Since the best trained musicians in a small community, such as a ward, are usually teachers, the best potential choristers are, in this order, the piano teacher, the violin or cello teacher, the vocal teacher, and the school music teacher. After these come the advanced students of each.

The president should try first to secure one of these for chorister. Often the most necessary qualification—musical study—is overlooked in favor of leadership qualities that are useless without musical knowledge. A timid leader who is a musician is preferable to a confident leader who is not. And, having chosen the chorister, the president should leave the personnel of the chorus entirely in her hands.

The technique of conducting is a special study, which few music teachers will understand, because it is seldom taught except at distant conservatories and universities. This, the most universal lack among our choristers, is easily remedied since the organization of the Church Music Institutes by the General Music Committee. Relief Society choristers can take courses in technique and musicianship that will result in better music both in regular meetings and in the appearances of the Singing Mothers. These courses are available to both chorister and organist. If the musicians of your ward already understand the fundamentals of their art, there is a second year course that any musician can take with profit.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

LESSON 3

THESE TWELVE JESUS SENT FORTH

Helpful References

David O. McKay, *Ancient Apostles,* pp. 1-5.

James E. Talmage, *Jesus the Christ,* pp. 139-142, 217-229.

A. B. Bruce, *The Training of the Twelve,* pp. 29-51, 1, 5, 126, 319, 398. This work is considered the classic in its field. The references given are to the fourth edition, 1889. However, an inexpensive edition of the book has been put out by Harper & Brothers. Consult references to apostles in index.

Robert Freeman, *What About the Twelve,* pp. 3-11. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York, 1929.)

THE Savior's Twelve forseen by the Prophets.— Not only was Christ's advent in the flesh predicted by the ancient prophets, as we know, but the twelve men who were to be apostles and special witnesses of our Lord were also forseen by them. The Book of Mormon is especially rich in its references to the apostles. The high spirituality of Lehi and Nephi made it possible for them to see in vision the mighty men who were to carry on after the Savior's death. Nephi records his father's vision in the following words: "And it came to pass that he saw one descending out of the midst of heaven, and he beheld that his luster was above that of the sun at noonday. And he also saw twelve others following him, and their brightness did exceed that of the stars in the firmament. And they came down and went forth upon the face of the earth." (I Nephi 1:9-11.) Nephi's own vision is recorded as follows: "And I also beheld twelve others following him (Christ)." (1 Nephi 11:29.) Nephi also records the following: "And after he was slain I saw the multitudes of the earth, that they were gathered together to fight against the apostles of the Lamb; for thus were the twelve called by the angel of the Lord. . . And the angel of the Lord spake unto me again saying: Behold the world and the wisdom thereof; yea, behold the house of Israel hath gathered together to fight against the twelve apostles of the Lamb." (1 Nephi 11:34, 35.) To Nephi was also vouchsafed the remarkable information that Christ's apostles should judge the twelve tribes of Israel; wherefore, the twelve ministers to be raised up among the Nephites should be judged by them. (1 Nephi 12:9.) Some special work of John the Revelator was made known to Nephi as were some other matters pertaining to the apostles. (See 1 Nephi 14:18-27; 13:24-26.)

WHY did Christ Choose Twelve Witnesses?—We may with propriety ask the question, Why did our Lord choose twelve witnesses, or apostles—why not ten, eleven, or fifteen- A complete answer may, of course, be impossible to great truths symbolically. Care- give. But the Lord often expresses ful observation and meditation on the part of man may often reveal

to him the meaning, at least in part, of the Great Architect's symbols. That the Twelve stand in a close and special relationship to the house of Israel has already been made clear in that they are to be its judges. (See 1 Nephi 12:9; Luke 22:30.) In his glorified picture of the holy Jerusalem descending from God, John the Revelator describes it as having a "wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. . . . And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." (Rev. 21:12,14.) It would seem quite clear that there is a definite symbolic relationship between the twelve tribes of the house of Israel and the chosen Twelve of our Lord. May it not be that each tribe of Israel is represented in the councils of the Father by a member of the Twelve?

THE Character of the Twelve.— It is indeed one of the peculiar twists of history that twelve men so famous are yet so little known. When we say little known we mean the details of their lives. Yet the same can be said of their Master. Aside from a few details of his birth and his ministry what do we know of Christ's life? It was the work they wrought rather than cheap publicity that placed the Twelve in the ranks of the immortals. The writers of the New Testament were certainly not afflicted with the biographic mania. But in the minds of Latter-day Saints there can be no question that all of the Twelve, with the exception of Judas, were mighty men. And who knows but that the archtraitor of all time had qualities of mind that, rightly directed, would have made him one of the great. We cannot believe that our Lord deliberately singled out one of his Father's children in order to bring to pass his ruin and damnation. It seems likely that Judas had the necessary equipment for a successful ministry, but deliberately failed in his use of it. One is reminded of the Lord's admonition through Amos to ancient Israel: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will visit upon you all your iniquities." (Amos 3:2.) A great Scottish preacher said of this verse, "Special privilege means special responsibility; and if that be evaded or mocked, then destruction is at the doors."

Professor Bruce classifies the Twelve into three groups of four each ranging from the best known to the least known. Judas is placed in the last group though "known only too well." The first group includes the following: Simon Peter, the man of rock; Andrew, Peter's brother; James and John, the sons of Zebedee. The second group includes: Philip, the earnest inquirer; Bartholomew, or Nathanael, the guileless Israelite; Thomas, the melancholy; Matthew, the publican. The third group is comprised of: James (the son) of Alphaeus (James the Less? Mark 15:40); Lebbaeus, otherwise known as Thaddaeus or Judas of James; Simon the Zealot; Judas, the man of Kerioth, otherwise known as the Traitor.

It will be noted that so far as their outward qualifications were concerned, they were poor and for aught we know, unschooled—Bruce calls them "a band of poor illiterate Galilean provincials." Most of this little band that Christ drew to himself were fishermen. The writer knows from first-hand experience that the fishermen of Galilee are still

poor and for the most part illiterate. One was a tax-gatherer, the most heartily despised of all professions that a Jew could take up. Certainly none of these men belonged to the so-called intellectual classes, the Scribes or Pharisees. But while this is true we ought not to suppose that they were not mentally keen and intelligent. Their work in later years would seem to indicate that they made up their deficiencies in great part. At any rate our Lord recognized these disciples for what they really were—princes among men.

The Twelve as a group displayed an amazing variety of character. Someone has said, "The whole human race seemed to be represented in that narrow circle. There is Peter the impulsive man of action, and John the quiet man of thought. There is Andrew the eager home missionary, and Thomas the desponding doubter. There is Matthew the Roman tax-gatherer, the representative of foreign tyranny, and Simon the Zealot, the fiery patriot, to whom Rome is anathema. There is Nathanael the Israelite in whom is no guile, and Judas Iscariot who is all guile."

The members of the Twelve had many of the foibles and weaknesses that beset the general run of mankind. Peter thrice denied his Master and later the Apostle Paul could say of the man of rock, "I withstood him to the face, because he stood condemned." (Gal. 2:11.) James and John wanted to call down fire from heaven because the Samaritans did not receive them. (Luke 9:52-55.) It is hard for us to believe that the spiritual John could be party to such a proceeding. Thomas would not believe his fellow members of the Twelve when they testified that they had seen their risen Lord. (John 20:25.) We could probably go on at length in such vein if the records were fuller. On one occassion the Christ found the Twelve disputing over who should be the greatest. (Luke 22:24.) Their hearts at that time were by no means free from the lure cast by the honors and esteem of men, nor, we fear, free from worldly ambitions.

We point out these weaknesses to show what necessity the Savior had to train the Twelve. They had the advantage of the greatest teacher the world has ever known. Let it not be said that God despises trained men. The Twelve had the best training God could afford. The necessities of the Church of that day demanded such trained qualities of heart and mind that the Redeemer "appointed twelve that they might be with him." (Mark 3:14; Matt. 10:1-4; Luke 6:13-16.) To be fit vessels to bear off the Kingdom it was necessary for them to undergo an apprenticeship. The Church needed and demanded men with rigorous training for effective leadership.

THE twelve individually considered: Philip the Inquirer.—We have studied some matters pertaining the Twelve collectively. Now, in this and the next two lessons let us consider those members of it of whom little is known. In later lessons we shall deal with the better known men including Paul who was not a member of the original Twelve.

The Apostle Philip has been characterized by different writers as the Prosaic, The Matter-of Fact Man, the Inquirer, etc. These appellations seem to indicate that the impression given most individuals by the few references to Philip in the New Testament is that he was what we would commonly call a "practical" man. Philip, we are told, "was from Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter." (John 1:44.)

The record does not tell us that he was a fisherman as were the sons of Zebedee. We know nothing about his family connections or what his profession was. His name is Greek and means "lover of horses." Evidently Philip's parents were not narrowly prejudiced against all foreign influence in Palestine as were so many Jews. The Gospel says, "Philip finds Nathanael, and says to him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets wrote, Jesus the son of Joseph, who is from Nazareth." (John 1:45.) Philip, like most Jews in this respect, seems to have been fairly familiar with his Old Testament. Furthermore, he takes it for granted that Moses and the prophetic writers spoke of Christ's coming—a fact of which modern critics might take more notice. When Nathanael gave his famous answer: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip rejoined with a characteristic "Come and see." No argument or fuss here. It was if Philip had said, "Just investigate and find out for yourself. Let the spirit of inquiry be uppermost, Nathanael!"

On another occasion the Christ seeing a great multitude coming to him tested Philip by asking him, "Whence are we to buy bread that these may eat?" Philip simply answered, "Two hundred denaries' worth of bread is not enough for them, that each one may take a little." (John 6:5,7.) It was not the answer our Lord should have loved to hear, but it reflected Philip's practical though worldly wisdom.

Philip was present with Christ on so-called Palm Sunday when the Master's path was strewn with branches from the palm trees as he entered Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. Certain Greeks who had come to the celebration wished to meet our Lord and for that purpose asked Philip for the privilege. Why they first approached Philip is not clear. It may have been by accident, but the probabilities are that they knew his name which, as we have already seen, was Greek and so took confidence in him as one who would understand them. But the cautious Philip knew that Jews were suspicious of foreigners, however devout. He therefore laid the case before Andrew and to every reader's gratification the two men told the Savior. This led to a deeply spiritual discourse in which the Christ said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to myself." (See John 12:20-32.) Not Jews only, but Greeks also!

Philip's famous request on the occasion of the Last Supper will always be remembered, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth thus." The Christ's answer is a loving rebuke for his lack of insight. "Am I so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? He that has seen me has seen the Father; how sayest thou, Show us the Father? (John 14:8.) But this man with all his limitations was judged worthy by our Lord to be one of his immortal Twelve.

Questions and Problems

(Deal only with as many as time permits.)

1. What are the powers and duties of an Apostle?
2. Think of all the reasons you can why so little information has been left us concerning the lives of so many of the ancient Twelve.
3. Why did Christ spend so much time training the Twelve? Discuss the particular value of training to a Latter-day Saint.
4. Point out the special abilities

and training of each member of our present Twelve. Why is it wise to have men of diversified training in a council?

5. Show how a man of Philip's temperament and character would be useful as a member of the ancient Twelve.

Visiting Teacher Department

Messages to the Home

No. 3—Anger

"Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." *Matthew* 5:22.

HUMAN tendencies lead us to judge ourselves less harshly than we judge our neighbors. Remember, we are in danger of the same judgment we measure out to others.

Anger, an enemy to wholesome personality, is an emotion to be reckoned with daily by most of us. It acts as an insidious poison, destructive to healthy physical and mental functions. Digestion is impaired, clear thinking blurred. Contagion is characteristic of it. Give anger and it is returned with interest.

Jesus directed His teachings to our daily needs. He was not as deeply concerned with the justification of anger as with its detrimental effects upon the personality of those who indulge in it. Anger leaves its bad effects whether the cause is just or not. True, Jesus displayed indignation but not over petty, personal injustices. At the Last Supper He was irritated when the Disciples were bickering as to who would be greatest. It was then Jesus demonstrated the way to show righteous indignation. He, the Master, washed their feet. No angry words could have been so effective. The rebuke was in the spirit of a father concerned with correcting harmful attitudes. Personality is made up of little habits. The danger of an anger habit lies in the intensity and frequency of its occurrence.

Our problem is how to deal with this warping emotion. Repression is not the solution. Outward control still leaves the inward disturbance. Studying situations that produce anger should help to build new attitudes toward persons or circumstances that irritate us. Modern psychologists agree with the method Jesus used. He taught, supplant anger with a more useful emotion; replace anger with love. "Love your enemies." A victim of vicious hate, Jesus hung on the cross, but He did not retaliate. With love, characteristic of an understanding parent, He said, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"The small personality carries a chip on his shoulder. The great character can go to the cross and pray for his crucifiers."

1. How can analyzing the cause of anger be helpful in combating it?
2. Who benefits most by the elimination of anger?
3. What dividends accrue through the sublimation of anger?
4. In what spirit should righteous indignation be expressed?

References:

III Nephi 12:22.
James 1:19-20.
Matthew 21:12.

Visiting Teachers are to call attention to Theology, Literary and Social Service lessons, also Work and Business programs planned by your ward.

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson 3

Robinson Crusoe (*Concluded*)

NOWHERE does Defoe reveal his mastery of drama better than in the finding of the footprint in the sand by Robinson Crusoe. Crusoe has been upon his island for years and has been left entirely to his own devices. He has built up a "town house" and a "country estate" and is really the master of his entire island, happy in his possessions, safe, and reconciled to his fate.

Then suddenly when all is going smoothly and he has property to lose, he discovers that he is not the only inhabitant of the island.

Defoe makes use of this incident to picture Robinson's terror and his dread. The religion which he had constructed for himself in which he had his God, all-knowing, all-powerful, and sympathetic, went upon the rocks with a crash. Crusoe was human, after all. He was like us all who, when our hopes are shattered and real dangers loom, wonder if God does really know and if he does really care enough to save us.

After hours of fear, Crusoe, like us, returned to prayer and to his Bible for solace. "One morning early," says he, "lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the scripture came into my thoughts, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify Me.' Upon this, rising cheerfully out of bed, my heart was not only comforted but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening to read, the first words that presented to me were, 'Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.' It is impossible to express the comfort this thought gave me, and in return I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad; at least, not on that occasion."

Crusoe so comforted himself that he, like all of us might do, began to wonder if he had seen a footprint at all. He returned to the place and to his dismay found that it was not only a footprint, but that it was much larger than his own. Furthermore, it could not have been his own footprint. "Both these things," said he, "filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree, so that I shook with cold like one in an ague."

Defoe, however, did not allow Crusoe to find another person on the island at once. He used this experience of the footprint as the motivation of a great deal of activity on the part of his hero. Crusoe set about strengthening his position on the island by building "barbed wire entanglements" or what amounted to the same thing.

Years passed, this single footprint remaining a nightmare in the mind of the man who did not know what to fear or whence his danger might come. Defoe seemed to delight in keeping not only his hero, but his reader in suspense as he wove his tale, his hero caught in the meshes

of it and feverishly building against an unseen, and unknown, and unpredictable enemy.

Then one day while walking on the shore in a strange part of the island, Crusoe came upon a place where skulls were scattered about on the ground and the signs of a camp could plainly be seen. He knew at once that cannibals had been feasting on the spot.

This sight, rather than increasing his terror, abated it, for at least he knew something definite about the visitors to the island. The footprint had been robbed of much of its mystery. He reasoned humanly and rightly that if he had lived eighteen years on his island without being found and eaten, he might easily live another eighteen in safety.

However, no human being could know that cannibals were visiting his island without spying on them upon occasion. Robinson did that and began to plan a method of rescuing some of the prisoners of the cannibals who were being brought over for the feasts. He says that should he write of all the plans he made, his book would go far beyond the length he had in mind for it. He did, however, sharpen his cutlasses and clean and prime his guns.

During his twenty-third year on the island, Robinson found a cave. This place recommended itself to him as a hide-out. Surrounded now by his cats, his parrot, his goats and kids, he said he felt like the ancient giants of the earth.

Along about the twenty-fourth year on the island, Crusoe discovered a ship off shore. He visited it and from it secured gold and many other things more valuable to him at that time, including a dog, the only thing alive on board. The crew, except for two men who were found drowned, had disappeared as if the ship for some reason or another had been abandoned, as his own had been.

It was not long after he had found the ship that Robinson Crusoe had another dream. In it he beheld a company of savages coming to shore with prisoners once again. This time he thought one of the prisoners asked for help.

During all of his years on the island, Crusoe had been planning some way to escape to the mainland which he knew could not be so very far away since the savages came to his island frequently. He decided, as a result of his dream, that he should make a rescue in order that he might have help in launching a boat large enough to withstand the waves. Thereafter he did much scouting and finally one day saw a company come to the shore and found it possible to rescue one of the prisoners whom he named Friday after the day of the week upon which he was procured.

Certainly the crisis of the book is reached in the capture of Friday if not, indeed, in the finding of the footprint upon the shore. As soon as Crusoe has human companionship, the story loses some of its charm; however, Defoe still maintains the even tenor of his narrative by having Crusoe spend much time teaching this savage the ways of Christianity.

The first days and nights with Friday were fraught with danger for Crusoe. How was he to know how this cannibal would respond to his new situation? Indeed, Crusoe spent many wakeful hours planning a means of making himself safe from this new companion whom he had obtained. However, as time passed, Crusoe discovered that his man Friday was really a splendid

man at heart, capable of all of the fine feelings of a Christian gentleman. His difference lay only in his early training and environment. This thought gave Defoe, the author, an opportunity to soliliquize upon the providences of God. Says he: "This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that however it had pleased God, in His providence, and in the government of the works of His hands, to take from so great a part of the world of His creatures the best uses to which their faculties and the powers of their souls are adapted, yet that He has bestowed upon them the same powers, the same reason, the same affections; the same passions and resentments of wrongs, the same sense of gratitude, sincerity, fidelity, and all the capacities of doing good, and receiving good, that He has given us; and that when He pleases to offer them occasions for exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready, to apply them to the right uses for which they were restored than we are. This made me very melancholy sometimes, in reflecting, as the several occasions presented, how mean a use we make of all these, even though we have these powers enlightened by the great lamp of instruction, the Spirit of God, and by the knowledge of His word added to our understanding; and why it has pleased God to hide the like saving knowledge from so many millions of souls, who, if I might judge by this poor savage, would make a much better use of it than we did."

Defoe makes the teaching of Christianity to Friday an opportunity for him to make a statement about religion. His discussion of the devil and God and the relationships of the two as he carries it on through his Robinson Crusoe to his man Friday is most interesting and might be read in class with profit.

The leaving of the island by Robinson Crusoe was assured to the reader as soon as he had procured the assistance of another man. Therefore, the story loses in interest as it proceeds, for although the departure was somewhat different from that expected by the reader, the departure was certain.

"And thus I left the island, the 19th of December, as I found it by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it eight-and-twenty years, two months, and nineteen days; being delivered from this second capacity the same day of the month that I first made my escape in the longboat from among the Moors of Sallee. In this vessel after a long voyage, I arrived in England the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been thirty-five years absent."

That does not end the story, as it probably would have done had *Robinson Crusoe* been a modern book. Defoe is not willing to leave his story unfinished and, therefore, takes his hero through other adventures until all matters have been straightened out. The remaining portion of the book, though intended to be adventure, falls rather flat and may easily be omitted except as an illustration of Defoe's method.

Here then is one of the greatest and most popular adventure stories ever written. Daniel Defoe will probably live in the hearts of English-speaking people as long as the language shall last.

In *Robinson Crusoe* future novelists had a pattern and its success was motivating enough for other novels. With its publication, the English novel was well upon its glorious way.

Questions and Problems

1. In what way did the length of the preceeding narrative contribute to the dramatic intensity of finding the footprint upon the island?
2. Name some unfoldments in Crusoe's character.
3. In what lies the interest of this story? How has Defoe succeeded in making the story of one man so intensely interesting that it has been a favorite for two hundred years?
4. What are some of the characteristics of Friday?
5. In modern life what is the significance of the statement when applied to a modern relation between two men: "He is John Doe's Friday.?"
6. Evaluate Defoe as a novelist.

Social Service

Lesson 3

Do My Emotions Hinder or Help Me?

I. *Scope of the Lesson.* Feelings and emotions give quality and color to our lives. Much of the value we place on any aspect of life depends upon the feelings and emotions it arouses. An emotion is considered here as a "stirred up state" in which our thoughts ramble and are somewhat out of control and in which our bodies are full of sensations of changes going on in preparation for meeting a conflicting situation. Emotions arise when we lose control of situations. The more completely emotions dominate us, the less of conscious control there is. Control over emotions increases with age, as habits of social living are acquired.

The chief step in developing control over emotions is to learn to analyze clearly the causes of the emotion. This knowledge permits us to make conscious or intelligent adjustments in place of emotional ones. A set of rules for acquiring control is offered.

II. *What are Feelings?* Feelings are generally milder experiences than emotions, but they still have much to do in determining the course of our lives. They are described by such words as pleasure, displeasure, mirth, amusement, excitement, contentment, surprise, resentment, and longing.

Feelings are often diffuse and do not refer to a specific object or situation. Thus when one feels tired, he has a mass of sensations within, but they are not like the sensations that lead us to look at a sunset, for example. Frequently a feeling will spread from one object to another, because it is so diffuse and often lacks a definite object. Thus, we feel joyous one day and may not know exactly why, yet, we speak particularly pleasant to everyone we meet.

Intelligent activity or thinking tends to push feeling aside, as when we continue to read a detective story into the night, not noticing fatigue until the mystery is solved. Hurt feelings are most easily cured by busying ourselves with some constructive or benevolent work.

Thought is influenced greatly by feeling too. A person may experience a mild failure and forthwith begin to think destructively about his abilities, thereby predisposing him-

self to the next failure. Thus is an inferiority complex developed.

III. *An Emotion is a More Stirred Up Condition Than a Feeling.* Whenever circumstances get out of control, we become stirred up mentally and bodily. For example, when our competitor scores a gain on us, or we find ourselves unable to control a speeding automobile, we get stirred up and hate our competitor in the first case and fear an accident in the second. These experiences are emotions.

On the physical side, when we fear something, our glands pour into our blood a substance called adrenalin which tones up our muscles for flight, restricts our small blood vessels in the skin making us turn pale and throwing all of our available blood supply to the large muscles where it will be needed in flight. Our heart beat is quickened and we breathe faster.

Should the object of our fear suddenly disappear, as in righting an uncontrollable car, we sigh in relief, but for some time we still feel the bodily change that took place. William James claimed that an emotion is the sensation of bodily changes and that a person does not fear an object until these changes take place. He said "we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble." (James, 1890, vol. II, p. 450.)

Emotions usually last longer than thoughts and as in the case of feelings, emotions are even more likely to persist after the situation has passed. This residue from an emotion, which is often simply chemical products remaining in the blood, leaves us "set" to act emotionally in the next adjustment we make. It is easy for a newcomer into a group of people to start an argument with someone who has just finished one with someone else.

IV. *Bodily Changes in Emotions Have Been Demonstrated Eperimentally.* Cannon at Harvard did an interesting experiment on a cat. After filling its stomach with a substance which could be X-rayed, he observed that as the cat purred peacefully its stomach churned rhythmically to digest its food. A dog was then brought into the room suddenly. The cat bristled its hair, spit, and became much stirred up outwardly. But the most interesting observation was that the cat's stomach stopped suddenly in its work of digestion, nor was this digestive activity resumed until about fifteen minutes after the dog was removed. The moral of this experiment is self-evident—let pleasant subjects predominate at the dinner table, for the sake of digestion, if for no other reason.

Other bodily changes during emotion have been shown experimentally, such as the ability of the skin to conduct electricity, rate of breathing, blood pressure, and the presence in the blood of stimulating substances called hormones. A group of students were once given doses of adrenalin (the anger and fear producing substance poured into the blood during emotion) to see if they would immediately become angry. They did not really experience the emotion of anger, but they "felt as if" they might become angry if provoked. Organic conditions such as these probably persist and leave the body "set" for an emotional outburst. We say a person has a "chip on his shoulder" when he has been made angry and acts ready to "pick a fight" wherever he goes.

V. *Prolonged Emotions May Have Bad Effects Upon Physical*

and Mental Health. It should be apparent that if one keeps his body stirred up with an emotion of fear or anger, he is likely to impair his physical health. His digestion is impaired for one thing, and the fine balance of all of the internal glands is upset so that the least we should say is that his body cannot function most efficiently. Preparation for flight, as in fear, or for combat, as in anger, is seldom required in modern civilization.

The effects on mental health are even worse. A hateful person makes enemies, wastes much of his energy with his grudges, and fails to do his work efficiently. These failures handicap him in his life ambitions and make his adjustments needlessly difficult. Fear likewise distracts a person, makes him unhappy, destroys his sleep and finally tends to make an inefficient machine of him.

VI. *Domination of Thought Over Emotion Increases with Age and Culture.* An infant makes no effort to control his feelings, and a child cares little about concealing his emotions. An adult, however, carefully guards most of his emotional expressions, because so often emotion indicates he is not complete master of the situation. Particularly does an adult guard against appearing afraid. He "whistles in the dark," both to bolster his courage and to impress others that he is not afraid.

The child acts emotionally more often than an adult does because he lacks control over his world and because he has not yet learned the checks and controls over his feelings, which come with training the emotions and with greater ability to solve problems thoughtfully. Anger outbursts have been shown to definitely decrease with age.

Occasionally we meet an adult who, through lack of early training or emotional maturity, acts childishly—fears objects ordinarily feared only by children, or more commonly demonstrates his anger on slight provocation. A large part of our culture is to learn to curb primitive expressions of emotions. Men formerly settled their difficulties only with fists and swords, but now we whip our enemies by cool-headed bargaining and arbitration and occasionally with battles of words.

Our cultural control of emotion has not reached the fine point necessary to prevent wars. War occurs when propaganda stirs up the emotions of large masses of people on both sides to the point that thoughtfulness is crowded aside and diplomatic and cool-headed arbitration is no longer possible.

Jesus spoke of a degree of emotional control impossible to most of us when he said, "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." An even more severe test for some of us He defined when He said, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." (Matt. 5:39, 42.)

The person who can maintain a head clear enough to "pray for them which despitefully use you" indeed has good emotional control. To think clearly when angry, as Jesus did in driving the money changers from the temple, is more than most of us can do. So often in fits of anger, reason is so suppressed that we say things we immediately regret. In controlling ourselves and others who may be angry at us, most of us would do better to learn the wisdom of, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger," (Prov. 15:1) and, "He that

is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." (Prov. 16:32.)

VII. *Emotional Abnormalities* When an adult shows a childish lack of emotional control, we say he has regressed to an earlier level of response which may have satisfied him as a child but which poorly fits an adult. Throwing tantrums when frustrated, crying freely over little hurts and disappointments, or turning back with too great enthusiasm to the interests of childhood, indicate either a failure to grow up emotionally, or a turning back (or regression) to earlier satisfactions because the present and future are so unsatisfying. When carried to an extreme, regression can radically affect one's efficiency and therefore his happiness.

In a certain condition called schizophrenia, the person loses his power to respond properly emotionally, in love or fear or anger. He just doesn't care much about what happens outside his own thoughts; he is never thoroughly thrilled nor deeply disturbed. What emotion he does show is out of joint with the situation producing it. He has no ambition, no purpose, no enthusiasms. The evil of this condition is evident. All of our emotional functions have their proper uses and should be cultivated and controlled in such a way that they give quality and color to our experiences and zest to the pursuit of our purposes.

A complex is another form emotion may take that is sometimes injurious. A complex is a group of ideas with an emotional core. Complexes are emotionally colored and generally resist correction from reason. They are similar to the pet prejudices and grudges we have, or a violent love attachment, or subjects about which we are cranky. When we find ourselves getting so emotional about a certain set of ideas, we would do well to "ventilate" with reason as early as possible, because when once the "emotional wall" around those ideas is constructed, reason no longer gains entrance. Extreme cases of complexes are the delusions of the insane, which are simply false beliefs, emotionally loaded, which resist all argument.

VIII. *How Emotions Develop Into Sentiments.* Similar to complexes in their emotional origin are sentiments, such as respect for parents, idealization of the home, reverence for God, honor for the pioneers, and love of virtue. Our Church songs, dramatizations of great deeds and ideals, give feeling tone to these ideals and create sentiments. Sentiments, of course, are the cultural and proper expression for much of our primitive emotion. They affect our religious faith and govern our conduct where reason often fails us. Sentiments represent the finest type of emotional development. The myth of Santa Claus is a sentiment which is as real in our experience as anything can be. Christmas spirit, fine fellow feeling, attitudes toward our pioneer ancestors, attitudes concerning family reunion in the hereafter are all sentiments and represent the highest expressions of our feelings and add infinitely to the value of life. Cultivation of proper sentiments regarding home life is the strongest safeguard of chastity. Most effective moral controls are sentiments.

IX. *A Few Hints on How to Develop Emotional Control.*

1. Take account of the time factor by allowing enough time to collect one's thoughts before responding to an emotion-arousing situation.

"Count ten, or better count to 100."

2. Learn to look for the causes of vague feelings of uneasiness, then think of something rational you can do to meet the situation. Guard against a spread of feeling to situations unrelated to the original cause.

3. Since emotions appear when "things get out of control," strive to regain the reins you have dropped as soon and as intelligently as possible. Ask yourself if the emotion really prepares you to make the proper adjustment or whether it simply indicates your inability to make a good adjustment.

4. When you have become the victim of a grudge, hatred, or fear, approach the object of your emotion often and coolly with the intent of seeing if you can handle it better by some intellectual means.

5. To regain control, use your friends to talk out your feelings, and to get an objective and intelligent view of the facts.

6. Fight the tendency to regress or go back to more childish emotional behavior. Make your emotional age correspond to your chronological age.

Problems for Discussion

1. What is the relation between reason and emotion?

2. Select your most persistent and unpleasant thought or subject. Attempt to define exactly how it became so disagreeable. How could you have lessened the displeasure by meeting the situation more thoughtfully, less emotionally?

3. Have you ever "felt" more afraid after a danger has passed than at the instant it appeared? Why?

4. What general class of situations arouse emotions? Illustrate with a situation which produces fear, with one which produces anger.

5. What has been your best formula for controlling your temper?

6. Show how lack of emotional control destroys one's efficiency and his popularity.

7. Discuss the efficacy of a few church practices on the development of sentiments.

8. Show the value of sentiments as moral controls.

References for Further Study

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"The future belongs to the children. The three enemies of childlife are ignorance, poverty, and alcohol, every one of them preventable."—*Sir Donald MacLean.*

"Most social drinking is a matter of lack of courage to think and act for one's self. People accept drinks that are thrust upon them simply because they have not the backbone to stand their ground and refuse. I think such cowardice is as shameful as the drinking itself. Too many people who would never go out of their way to get a drink allow liquor to be forced on them."—*Professor Stagg.*

Literature for the Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

Lesson 3

Catherine Mikkelsen—A Gem of Danish Origin

TO a lowly dugout in the east central part of what is now the city of Logan, Utah, on the 17th of August, 1860, there was welcomed a tiny baby girl by Brother Niels Mikkelsen and his good wife, Sena Johnson Mikkelsen. The new baby was named Catherine and she, with her elder brother Ephraim, was carefully tended by the fond parents in the humble dugout for about two years until the father himself could make enough adobes to build a two-room adobe house.

At about this time through plural marriage another mother, Laura Ingaman, was brought into the home and for the next twelve years the two families of six children were reared together. The mothers were both wise women and so Catherine with the others learned through experience and kindly direction the valuable lessons of love, loyalty and unselfishness.

Until she was fourteen years of age she attended the very primitive schools of the time, and despite the fact that the building was of logs and had a dirt roof, and although there were no desks and only slab benches to sit upon, she had instilled in her receptive mind the value of an education. Through keen observance during her girlhood she also learned many of the ways and characteristics of the American Indians who were numerous throughout the territory.

When she was fourteen years of age her father built a new home for her mother in a part of the city called "The Island." After moving into this home Catherine was taught to make tallow candles and soap, how to gather and dry different herbs for winter use, also to spin yarn, and in many ways prepare herself for the duties of a wife and homemaker.

Besides the instructions given her in temporal things, and of far greater value to her, were the teachings by her ardent pioneer parents of faith in a Father above who was ever willing to help and bless those who would work and seek Him.

When she was nineteen years of age she was married to Brother John P. Sorensen by Daniel H. Wells in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, and from then on she was to know through very real experience the value of all she had learned as a child. She and her husband moved to Lago, a frontier farming district in Idaho, to make their new home and their first house was a two-roomed log one. The walls were whitewashed; clean, white cheesecloth provided the curtains for the small windows, and a woven rag carpet with straw under it covered the floors. Their nearest neighbors lived in similar homes dotted here and there miles apart throughout the vast stretches of sage brush relieved occasionally by plots of green grass.

The young couple were very happy in their new surroundings and their lives were full of joy and satisfaction. In due time a baby girl came to the humble abode, but unfortunately it was called immediately to the world beyond. This proved a great disappointment to Sister Sorensen

but later five stalwart sons were given to her. There was no white-coated doctor nor prim uniformed nurse to wait upon her during these birth ordeals. Besides her husband, her only attendant was a friendly neighbor or the kindly midwife who willingly did what she could to soothe, not relieve, the pain of this brave mother, as there were no anesthetics to be administered in those days. But after her labor was over and the tiny ones had been safely delivered into her aching but loving arms, her joy was complete and a song of thanks and gratitude would go out to the Giver of all life.

Each time as she entered again into the routine of housekeeping and homemaking, instead of the many conveniences enjoyed by many mothers today, she had to keep the house warm, and prepare the plain food over fires fed with sage brush or wood. The clothes had to be washed in water carried from a well outside, rubbed and wrung out by hand, and when dry ironed with heavy irons heated on the kitchen stove. But through all this her heart still sang, for she realized that these precious souls had been given to her to love and care for; also she had been given health and strength and a kind and loving husband to assist and encourage her.

As each busy week passed on there came as surcease from toil and labor the Sabbath with sacrament meeting to attend. Arising early Sister Sorensen would quickly do the necessary household tasks before dressing herself and the boys in their Sunday clothes while Brother Sorensen did the outside chores, caught the horses from the open range, and hitched them to the wagon ready for the trip to the meeting place several miles distant. The roads were narrow and rough and streams had to be forded as there had been no bridges built, but the Sorensens always arrived on time. After the simple and humble services, the remainder of the day would be spent visiting at the home of some good neighbor, and through this spiritual communion and social contact, renewed courage was obtained for the work of the new week.

Later on a new log school house was built in which socials as well as meetings were held and which were attended by old and young together.

By this time things in the little pioneer community had taken on a more thriving and progressive atmosphere; roads had been improved, bridges built and more and roomier houses constructed. Brother and Sister Sorensen had kept apace. They had two homes now — two more rooms having been added on to the first one—a new two-roomed one on a homestead one-half mile farther east. During the six years of homesteading and the few succeeding years spent back in the four-roomed house, one more son and seven daughters were born to gladden the lives of this righteous couple and the Lord blessed and prospered them. The children never had to go hungry or ragged and although their fare was simple and plain, love abided among them. They were taught to pray, to have faith in a loving Father above and to do all they could in service to their fellowmen.

Brother and Sister Sorensen were both ardent church workers, and Sister Sorensen worked as an officer in each of the auxiliary organizations. During the time that she was a stake officer there would be occasons when she would be gone on her visits throughout the stake for eight or ten days at a time during which the well trained and loving older

boys and girls under the loving supervision of the kind father would take over the task of keeping the home and caring for the younger children. The work went on smoothly and well and there seemed never to be any discord or friction among them.

Brother Sorensen was blessed with an aesthetic temperament and was always teaching and providing for his family the finer things of life. Through his diligence and successful farming and his wife's good planning, before many years there was prepared and built a good fifteen-room house for their large family. This house was furnished with beautiful carpets and curtains and mahogany furniture. There was an organ and later a piano, and the book cases were filled with the best books obtainable. There was also running water and electricity with all their conveniences.

With each of the thirteen children inviting to their home his or her special friends and acquaintances, the big house took on, more than anything else, the aspect of a great community center. Especially on Sundays and holidays would large groups congregate there. There would be singing and games or more quiet visiting and studying, and always there was a ten-gallon freezer of ice cream with which to treat them. An aspen grove occupied a part of the farm and of this Brother Sorensen made a veritable picnic ground. He built swings and teeters and a platform upon which the young people would dance to the music of the organ which was often taken there in a wagon.

As the children grew older and ready for a better education than was provided in the farming community, Sister Sorensen would take them all to Logan for the winter months where they could enter better schools.

Two or three years after moving into the large house there was one more daughter born, making fourteen children in all. When the baby was six months old and the oldest son was filling a mission in New Zealand, the father was called to the great beyond. This, as you may know, was a terrible shock to Sister Sorensen and her grief seemed more than she could bear, as she wondered how she alone could complete the task of rearing to good and honorable manhood and womanhood their numerous sons and daughters. Ere long, however, that inborn pioneer trait of overcoming all obstacles came breaking its way through the dense fog of her sorrow and she again began to carry on. After a few years she left the farm with all its kindly associations and fond memories and returned with her seven still unmarried children to her childhood home, Logan.

After getting settled into a new home she once more became active in home and church affairs. Her mother who was now very old came into her home and for five years was cared for by Sister Sorensen. Later a little five-year-old boy whose mother had died was brought to her and for five years she cared for him as one of her own. She also took an active part in the ward organizations and for thirteen years served as a worker in the Logan Temple.

Her children each in turn entered the Brigham Young College where they could receive religious as well as secular education. Two daughters and one son graduated from the Utah State Agricultural College, three of the boys filled missions for the L. D. S. Church and each and every one of them was married to a

good and true companion in the temple of the Lord.

In August, 1937, on the seventy-seventh anniversary of her birth the eight daughters, assisted by the six daughters-in-law, held a reception to which loving relatives and kind friends came to wish Sister Sorensen many happy returns of the day and to invoke upon her the continued blessings of the Lord during her remaining years. She is still active as a Relief Society visiting teacher. She has given comfort and solace to the weary and sad, has mothered the orphans and has never turned from her door the beggar unfed.

Her children and grandchildren honor and respect her; they rally round her always trying to make life pleasant. She in turn helps them with her wise and kindly counsel and takes a keen delight in their home life and wholesome entertainment. Each and all express themselves as being blessed beyond measure through having been born and reared by this wonderful woman.

Items for Consideration

1. In this lesson we again have sketched pioneer life among the early Latter-day Saints in Western America. What were some of the principal features of this life?

2. In those days people of the world seemed to believe that a Mormon polygamous home must be a place where the inmates lived beastly lives. Instead, what were the children taught, both by precept and example, in the polygamous home in which Catherine Mikkelson was reared?

3. What did Catherine learn to do in her girlhood days that qualified her to be a good wife of a pioneer husband?

4. Tell what her parents taught her that was of the utmost value in making her life contented and happy.

5. State in what ways she observed these teachings in her life.

6. Why was she married to her husband in the Endowment House, a hundred miles from Logan? Why did they not stay at home and be married by the bishop of the ward?

7. Under the circumstances prevailing—no nearby neighbors, poverty, privations, hard work, absence of conveniences of a home, both inside and outside the house—explain how it could be that the young couple were very happy in their new surroundings and their lives were full of joy and satisfaction.

8. How was the Sabbath observed in Catherine's home? What benefits did the inmates receive by keeping the Sabbath?

9. Besides rearing a large family and living saintly in her home, how did Catherine show her interest in the Church and the welfare of her neighbors?

10. What reasons are there for believing the Lord blessed her and her family?

11. What very important religious principle did she teach her children? What value has this principle in the lives of both children and adults?

12. What reasons are there for believing Catherine M. Sorensen to be a noble woman?

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